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Αἰμαθεὶ γεγράφθαι χειρὶ τίνδε υἱὸν εἰκόνα
 Φαίης τάχ' ἄν, πρὸς εἶδος αὐτοφύες βλέπων
 Τὸν δ' ἐκτυπώτῃ ἐκ ἐπιγνόντες φίλοι
 Γελᾶτε φαῦλ' οὐ δυσμίμημα ξωγράφου.

POEMS

OF

Mr. John Milton,

BOTH

ENGLISH and LATIN,
Compos'd at several times.

Printed by his true Copies.

The SONGS were set in Musick by
Mr. HENRY LAWES Gentleman of
the KINGS Chappel, and one
of His MAJESTIES
Private Musick.

——— *Baccare frontem*
Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro;
Virgil, Eclog. 7.

Printed and publish'd according to
ORDER.

LONDON,


Printed by Ruth Raworth for Humphrey Moseley;
and are to be sold at the signe of the Princes
Arms in Pauls Church-yard. 1645.

151,702

May 1873



THE
STATIONER
TO THE
READER.

 *T*is not any private respect of gain, Gentle Reader, for the slightest Pamphlet is now adays more vendible then the Works of learnedest men; but it is the love I have to our own Language that bath made me diligent to collect, and set forth
a 3 such

such Peeeces both in Prose and
Vers, as may renew the wonted
honour and esteem of our English
tongue: and it's the worth of these
both English and Latin Poems,
not the flourish of any prefixed
encomions that can invite thee
to buy them, though these are not
without the highest Commendati-
ons and Applause of the learnedst
Academicks, both domestick
and forrein: And amongst those
of our own Countrey, the unpa-
rallel'd attestation of that renown-
ed Provost of Eaton, Sir
Henry Wootton: I know not
thy palat how it relishes such
dainties, nor how harmonious thy
Soul

Soul is ; perhaps more trivial
Airs may please thee better. But
howsoever thy opinion is spent upon
these, that incouragement I have
already received from the most in-
genious men in their clear and
courteous entertainment of Mr.
Waller's late choice Peeces,
hath once more made me adven-
ture into the World, presenting it
with these ever-green, and not to
be blasted Laurels. The Authors
more peculiar excellency in these
studies, was too well known to con-
ceal his Papers, or to keep me
from attempting to solicit them
from him. Let the event guide it
self which way it will, I shall de-

*serve of the age, by bringing into
the Light as true a Birth, as the
Muses have brought forth since
our famous Spencer wrote ;
whose Poems in these English ones
are as rarely imitated, as sweetly
excell'd. Reader if thou art
Eagle-eyed to censure their worth,
I am not fearful to expose them
to thy exactest perusal.*

Thine to command

H U M P H. M O S E L E Y.



On the morning of CHRIST'S
Nativity. Compos'd 1629.

I.

THis is the Month, and this the happy morn
Wherin the Son of Heav'n's eternal King,
Of wedded Maid, and Virgin Mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

II.

That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty,
Wherewith he wont at Heav'n's high Council-Table,
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and here with us to be,
Forsook the Courts of everlasting Day,
And chose with us a darksome House of mortal Clay.

III.

Say Heav'nly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
 Afford a present to the Infant God ?
 Hast thou no vers, no hymn, or solemn strain,
 To welcom him to this his new abode,
 Now while the Heav'n by the Suns team untrod,
 Hath took no print of the approaching light,
 And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright ?

IV.

See how from far upon the Eastern rode
 The Star-led Wisards haste with odours sweet :
 O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
 And lay it lowly at his blessed feet ;
 Have thou the honour first, thy Lord to greet,
 And joyn thy voice unto the Angel Quire,
 From out his secret Altar toucht with hallow'd fire.

The Hymn.

I.

IT was the Winter wilde,
 While the Heav'n-born-childe,
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies ;
 Nature in aw to him

Had doff't her gawdy trim,

With her great Master so to sympathize :

It was no season then for her

To wanton with the Sun her lusty Paramour.

I I.

Onely with speeches fair

She woo's the gentle Air

To hide her guilty front with innocent Snow,

And on her naked shame,

Pollute with sinfull blame,

The Saintly Vail of Maiden white to throw,

Confounded, that her Makers eyes

Should look so neer upon her foul deformities.

I I I.

But he her fears to cease,

Sent down the meek-eyd Peace,

She crown'd with Olive green, came softly sliding

Down through the turning sphear

His ready Harbinger,

With Turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,

And waving wide her mirtle wand,

She strikes a universall Peace through Sea and Land.

I V.

No War, or Battails found

Was heard the World around :

The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
 The hooked Chariot stood
 Unstain'd with hostile blood,

The Trumpet spake not to the armed throng,
 And Kings sate still with awfull eye,
 As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

V.

But peacefull was the night
 Wherin the Prince of light

His raign of peace upon the earth began :
 The Windes with wonder whist,
 Smoothly the waters kist,

Whispering new joyes to the milde Ocean,
 Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
 While Birds of Calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

VI.

The Stars with deep amaze
 Stand fixt in stedfast gaze,

Bending one way their pretious influence,
 And will not take their flight,
 For all the morning light,

Or *Lucifer* that often warn'd them thence ;
 But in their glimmering Orbs did glow,
 Untill their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

VII.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,

The Sun himself with-held his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferiour flame,

The new-enlightn'd world no more should need;
He saw a greater Sun appear
Then his bright Throne, or burning Axletree could

VIII.

The Shepherds on the Lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,

Sate simply chatting in a rustick row;
Full little thought they than,
That the mighty Pan

Was kindly com to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or els their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busie keep.

IX.

When such musick sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,

As never was by mortall finger strook,
Divinely-warbled voice

Answering the stringed noise,

As all their souls in blisfull rapture took:

The Air such pleasure loth to lose,
 With thousand echo's still prolongs each heav'nly close.

X.

Nature that heard such sound
 Beneath the hollow round

Of *Cynthia's* feat, the Airy region thrilling,
 Now was almost won
 To think her part was don,
 And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
 She knew such harmony alone
 Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier union.

X I.

At last surrounds their sight
 A Globe of circular light,

That with long beams the shame-fac't night array'd,
 The helmed Cherubim
 And sworded Seraphim,

Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displaid,
 Harping in loud and solemn quire,
 With unexpressive notes to Heav'n's new-born Heir.

X I I.

Such Musick (as 'tis said)
 Before was never made,

But when of old the sons of morning sung,
 While the Creator Great

His constellations set,

And the well-ballanc't world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep.

XIII.

Ring out ye Crystall sphears,

Once blest our human ears,

(If ye have power to touch our senses so)

And let your silver chime

Move in melodious time;

And let the Base of Heav'ns deep Organ blow,

And with your ninefold harmony

Make up full consort to th' Angelike symphony.

XIV.

For if such holy Song

Enwrap our fancy long,

Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,

And speckl'd vanity

Will sicken soon and die,

And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould,

And Hell it self will pass away,

And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

XV.

Yea Truth, and Justice then

Will down return to men,

Th' enameld *Aras* of the Rainbow wearing,
 And Mercy set between,
 Thron'd in Celestiall sheen,
 With radiant feet the tiffued clouds down steering,
 And Heav'n as at som festiva'll,
 Will open wide the Gates of her high Palace Hall.

X V I.

But wisest Fate sayes no,
 This must not yet be so,
 The Babe lies yet in smiling Infancy,
 That on the bitter cross
 Must redeem our loss;
 So both himself and us to glorifie :
 Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep,
 The wakefull trump of doom must thunder through the
 (deep,

X V I I.

With such a horrid clang
 As on mount *Sinai* rang
 While the red fire, and smouldring clouds out brake :
 The aged Earth agast
 With terrour of that blast,
 Shall from the surface to the center shake ;
 When at the worlds last session,
 The dreadfull Judge in middle Air shall spread his throne.

X V I I I.

XVIII.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,

But now begins; for from this happy day
Th' old Dragon under ground
In straiter limits bound,

Not half so far casts his usurped sway,
And wrath to see his Kingdom fail,
Swindges the scaly Horror of his foulded tail.

XIX.

The Oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous humm'

Runs through the arch'd roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,

With hollow shriek the steep of *Delphos* leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspire's the pale-ey'd Priest from the prophetic cell.

XX.

The lonely mountains o're,
And the resounding shore,

A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament;
From haunted spring, and dale
Edg'd with poplar pale.

The parting Genius is with sighing sent,

With

With flowre-inwov'n tresses torn
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

X X I.

In consecrated Earth,
And on the holy Hearth,
The *Lars*, and *Lemures* moan with midnight plaint,
In Urns, and Altars round,
A drear, and dying sound
Affrights the *Flamins* at their service quaint;
And the chill Marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar power forgoes his wonted feat.

X X I I.

Peor, and *Baalim*,
Forfake their Temples dim,
With that twise-batter'd god of *Palestine*,
And mooned *Ashtareth*,
Heav'n's Queen and Mother both,
Now sits not girt with Tapers holy shine,
The Libyc *Hammon* shrinks his horn,
In vain the *Tyrian* Maids their wounded *Thamuz* mourn.

X X I I I.

And sullen *Moloch* fled,
Hath left in shadows dred,
His burning Idol all of blackest hue,
In vain with Cymbals ring,

They call the grisly king,

In dismall dance about the furnace blue,

The brutish gods of *Nile* as fast,

Isis and *Orus*, and the Dog *Anubis* halt,

X X I V.

Nor is *Osiris* seen

In *Memphian* Grove, or Green,

Trampling the unshowr'd *Grasse* with lowings loud :

Nor can he be at rest

Within his sacred chest,

Naught but profoundest *Hell* can be his shroud,

In vain with *Timbrel'd* Anthems dark

The fable-stoled Sorcerers bear his workt Ark.

X X V.

He feels from *Juda's* Land

The dredged Infants hand,

The rayes of *Bethlehem* blind his dusky cyn ;

Nor all the gods beside,

Longer dare abide,

Not *Typhon* huge ending in snaky twine :

Our Babe to shew his Godhead true,

Can in his swadling bands controul the damned crew.

X X V I.

So when the Sun in bed,

Curtain'd with cloudy red,

Pillows his chin upon an Orient wave,
 The flocking shadows pale,
 Troop to th' infernall jail,
 Each fetter'd Ghost slips to his severall grave,
 And the yellow-skirted *Fayes*,
 Fly after the Night-steeds, leaving their Moon-lov'd maze.

X X V I I.

But see the Virgin blest,
 Hath laid her Babe to rest.
 Time is our tedious Song should here have ending,
 Heav'ns youngest teemed Star,
 Hath fixt her polish'd Car.
 Her sleeping Lord with Handmaid Lamp attending.
 And all about the Courtly Stable,
 Bright-harnest Angels sit in order serviceable.

A Paraphrase on *Psalms* 114.

This and the following *Psalms* were done
 by the Author at fifteen yeers old.

WHen the blest seed of *Terah's* faithfull Son,
 After long toil their liberty had won,
 And past from *Pharian* fields to *Canaan* Land,
 Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,

Jehovah's

Jehovah's wonders were in *Israel* shown,
 His praise and glory was in *Israel* known.
 That saw the troubl'd Sea, and shivering fled,
 And sought to hide his froth-becurled head
 Low in the earth, *Jordans* clear streams recoil,
 As a faint host that hath receiv'd the foil.
 The high, huge-bellied Mountains skip like Rams
 Amongst their Ews, the little Hills like Lambs.
 Why fled the Ocean? And why skipt the Mountains?
 Why turned *Jordan* toward his Crystill Fountains?
 Shake earth, and at the presence be agast
 Of him that ever was, and ay shall last,
 That glassy flouds from rugged rocks can crush,
 And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

Psalms 136.

L Et us with a gladfom mind
 Praise the Lord, for he is kind,
 For his mercies ay endure,
 Ever faithfull, ever sure.

Let us blaze his Name abroad,
 For of gods he is the God;
 For, &c.

O let us his praises tell,
That doth the wrathfull tyrants quell.
For, &c.

That with his miracles doth make
Amazed Heav'n and Earth to shake.
For, &c.

That by his wisdom did create
The painted Heav'ns so full of state.
For his, &c.

That did the solid Earth ordain
To rise above the watry plain.
For his, &c.

That by his all-commanding might,
Did fill the new-made world with light.
For his, &c.

And caus'd the Golden-tressed Sun,
All the day long his cours to run.
For his, &c.

The horned Moon to shine by night,
Amongst her spangled sisters bright.
For his, &c.

He with his thunder-clasping hand,
Smote the first born of Egypt Land.
For his, &c.

And in despite of *Pharao* fell,
He brought from thence his *Israel*.

For, &c.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain,
Of the *Erythrean* main.

For, &c.

The floods stood still like Walls of Glafs,
While the Hebrew Bands did pass.

For, &c.

But full soon they did devour
The Tawny King with all his power.

For, &c.

His chosen people he did bless
In the wastfull *Wildernes*.

For, &c.

In bloody battail he brought down
Kings of prowess and renown.

For, &c.

He foild bold *Seon* and his host,
That rul'd the *Amorrean* coast.

For, &c.

And large-lim'd *Og* he did subdue,
With all his over-hardy crew.

For, &c.

And

And to his servant *Israel*,
 He gave their Land therein to dwell.
 For, &c.

He hath with a piteous eye
 Beheld us in our misery.

For, &c.

And freed us from the slavery
 Of the invading enemy.

For, &c.

All living creatures he doth feed,
 And with full hand supplies their need.

For, &c.

Let us therefore warble forth
 His mighty Majesty and worth.

For, &c.

That his mansion hath on high
 Above the reach of mortall ey.

For his mercies ay endure,
 Ever faithfull, ever sure.

The Passion.

I.

ERe-while of Musick, and Ethereal mirth,
 Wherewith the stage of Ayre and Earth did ring,

And

And joyous news of heav'nly Infants birth,
My muse with Angels did divide to sing;
But headlong joy is ever on the wing,

In Wintry solstice like the shortn'd light
Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.

I I.

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,
And set my Harpe to notes of saddest wo,
Which on our dearest Lord did sease er'e long,
Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse then so,
Which he for us did freely undergo.

Most perfect *Heroe*, try'd in heaviest plight
Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight.

I I I.

He sov'ran Priest stooping his regall head
That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
Poor fleshly Tabernacle entered,
His starry front low-rooft beneath the skies;
O what a Mask was there, what a disguise!

Yet more; the stroke of death he must abi'e,
Then lies him meekly down fast by his Brethrens side.

I V.

These latter scenes confine my roving vers,
To this Horizon is my *Phæbus* bound,

His Godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,
 And former sufferings other where are found ;
 Loud o're the rest *Cremona's* Trump doth sound ;
 Me softer airs besit, and softer strings
 Of Lute, or Viol still, more apt for mournful things.

V.

Befriend me night best Patroness of grief,
 Over the Pole thy thickest mantle throw,
 And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,
 That Heav'n and Earth are colour'd with my wo ;
 My sorrows are too dark for day to know :
 The leaves should all be black wheron I write,
 And letters where my tears have wash'd a wannish white.

VI.

See see the Chariot, and those rushing wheels,
 That whirl'd the Prophet up at *Chebar* flood,
 My spirit som transporting *Cherub* feels,
 To bear me where the Towers of *Salem* stood,
 Once glorious Towers, now sunk in guiltles blood ;
 There doth my soul in holy vision sit
 In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatick fit.

VII.

Mine eye hath found that sad Sepulchral rock
 That was the Casket of Heav'n's richest store,

And here though grief my feeble hands up-lock
 Yet on the softned Quarry would I score
 My plaining vers as lively as before ;
 For sure so well instructed are my tears,
 That they would fitly fall in order'd Characters.

VIII.

Or should I thence hurried on viewles wing,
 Take up a weeping on the Mountains wilde,
 The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring
 Would soon unboosom all thir Echoes milde,
 And I (for grief is easily beguild)
 Might think th'infection of my sorrows loud,
 Had got a race of mourners on som pregnant cloud.

*This Subject the Author finding to be above the yeers he had,
 when he wrote it, and nothing satisfi'd with what was
 begun, left it unfinished.*

On Time.

FLy envious Time, till thou run out thy race,
 Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
 Whose speed is but the heavy Plummets pace ;
 And glut thy self with what thy womb devours,

Which is no more then what is false and vain,
 And meerly mortal dross;
 So little is our loss,
 So little is thy gain.
 For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,
 And last of all, thy greedy self consum'd,
 Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
 With an individual kiss ;
 And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,
 When every thing that is sincerely good
 And perfectly divine,
 With Truth, and Peace, and Love shall ever shine
 About the supreme Throne
 Of him, t'whose happy-making sight alone,
 When once our heav'nly-guided soul shall clime,
 Then all this Earthy grossnes quit,
 Attir'd with Stars, we shall for ever sit,
 Triumphant over Death, and Chance, and thee O Time.

Upon the Circumcision.

YE flaming Powers, and winged Warriours bright,
 That erst with Musick, and triumphant song

First heard by happy watchful Shepherds ear,
 So sweetly sung your Joy the Clouds along
 Through the soft silence of the list'ning night;
 Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear
 Your fiery essence can distill no tear,
 Burn in your sighs, and borrow
 Seas wept from our deep sorrow,
 He who with all Heav'ns heraldry whileare
 Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease;
 Alas, how soon our sin
 Sore doth begin

His Infancy to cease!

O more exceeding love or law more just?
 Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!
 For we by rightfull doom remediles
 Were lost in death, till he that dwelt above
 High thron'd in secret blifs, for us frail dust
 Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakednes;
 And that great Cov'nant which we still transgress
 Intirely satisf'd,
 And the full wrath beside
 Of vengeful Justice bore for our excess,
 And seals obedience first with wounding smart
 This day, but O ere long

Huge pangs and strong

Will pierce more neer his heart.

At a solemn Musick.

Blest pair of *Sirens*, pledges of Heav'ns joy,
 Sphear-born harmonious Sisters, Voice, and Vers,
 Wed your divine sounds, and mixt power employ
 Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce,
 And to our high-rai'd phantasie present,
 That undisturbed Song of pure content,
 Ay sung before the saphire-colour'd throne
 To him that sits thereon
 With Saintly shout, and solemn Jubily,
 Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
 Their loud up-lifted Angel trumpets blow;
 And the Cherubick host in thousand quires
 Touch their immortal Harps of golden wires,
 With those just Spirits that wear victorious Palms,
 Hymns devout and holy Psalms
 Singing everlastingly;
 That we on Earth with undiscording voice
 May rightly answer that melodious noise;

As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
 Jarr'd against natures chime, and with harsh din
 Broke the fair musick that all creatures made
 To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
 In perfect Diapason, whilst they stood
 In first obedience, and their state of good.
 O may we soon again renew that Song,
 And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God ere long
 To his celestial consort us unite,
 To live with him, and sing in endles morn of light.

An Epitaph on the Marchioness of *Winchester.*

THis rich Marble doth enterr
 The honour'd Wife of *Winchester*,
 A Vicounts daughter, an Earls heir,
 Besides what her vertues fair
 Added to her noble birth,
 More then she could own from Earth.
 Summers three times eight save one
 She had told, alas too soon,
 After so short time of breath,
 To house with darknes, and with death.

Yet had the number of her days
 Bin as compleat as was her praise,
 Nature and fate had had no strife
 In giving limit to her life.
 Her high birth, and her graces sweet,
 Quickly found a lover meet ;
 The Virgin quire for her request
 The God that sits at marriage feast ;
 He at their invoking came
 But with a scarce-wel-lighted flame ;
 And in his Garland as he stood,
 Ye might discern a Cipress bud.
 Once had the early Matrons run
 To greet her of a lovely son,
 And now with second hope she goes,
 And calls *Lucina* to her throws ;
 But whether by mischance or blame
Atropos for *Lucina* came ;
 And with remorseles cruelty,
 Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree :
 The haples Babe before his birth
 Had burial, yet not laid in earth,
 And the languisht Mothers Womb
 Was not long a living Tomb.

So have I seen som tender slip
 Sav'd with care from Winters nip,
 The pride of her carnation train,
 Pluck't up by som unheedy swain,
 Who onely thought to crop the flowr
 New shot up from vernall showr ;
 But the fair bloffom hangs the head
 Side-ways as on a dying bed,
 And those Pearls of dew she wears,
 Prove to be prefaging tears
 Which the sad morn had let fall
 On her hast'ning funerall.
 Gentle Lady may thy grave
 Peace and quiet ever have ;
 After this thy travail sore
 Sweet rest sease thee evermore,
 That to give the world encrease,
 Shortned hast thy own lives lease,
 Here besides the sorrowing
 That thy noble House doth bring.
 Here be tears of perfect moan
 Weept for thee in *Helicon*,
 And som Flowers, and som Bays,
 For thy Hears to strew the ways,

Sent thee from the banks of *Came*,
 Devoted to thy vertuous name ;
 Whilst thou bright Saint high sit'st in glory,
 Next her much like to thee in story,
 That fair *Syrian* Shepherdess,
 Who after yeers of barrennes,
 The highly favour'd *Joseph* bore
 To him that serv'd for her before,
 And at her next birth much like thee,
 Through pangs fled to felicity,
 Far within the boosom bright
 Of blazing Majesty and Light,
 There with thee, new welcom Saint,
 Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,
 With thee there clad in radiant sheen,
 No Marchioness, but now a Queen.

SONG

On *May* morning.

NOW the bright morning Star, Dayes harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
 The Flowry *May*, who from her green lap throws
 The yellow Cowslip, and the pale Primrose.

Hail

Hail bounteous *May* that dost inspire
 Mirth and youth, and warm desire,
 Woods and Groves, are of thy dressing,
 Hill and Dale, doth boast thy blessing.

Thus we salute thee with our early Song,
 And welcom thee, and wish thee long.

On Shakespear. 1630.

WHat needs my *Shakespear* for his honour'd Bones,
 The labour of an age in piled Stones,
 Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
 Under a Star-ypointing *Pyramid*?
 Dear son of memory, great heir of Fame,
 What need'st thou such weak witnes of thy name?
 Thou in our wonder and astonishment
 Hast built thy self a live-long Monument.
 For whilst toth'shame of slow-endeavouring art,
 Thy easie numbers flow, and that each heart
 Hath from the leaves of thy unvalu'd Book,
 Those Delphick lines with deep impression took,
 Then thou our fancy of it self bereaving,
 Dost make us Marble with too much conceaving;
 And so Sepulcher'd in such pomp dost lie,
 That Kings for such a Tomb would wish to die.

On the University Carrier who
sickn'd in the time of his vacancy, being
forbid to go to *London*, by reason of
the Plague.

Here lies old *Hobson*, Death hath broke his girt,
A here alas, hath laid him in the dirt,
Or els the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
'Twas such a shifter, that if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down;
For he had any time this ten yeers full,
Dodg'd with him, betwixt *Cambridge* and the Bull.
And surely, Death could never have prevail'd,
Had not his weekly cours of carriage fail'd;
But lately finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journeys end was come,
And that he had tane up his latest Inne,
In the kind office of a Chamberlin
Shew'd him his room where he must lodge that night,
Pull'd off his Boots, and took away the light :
If any ask for him, it shall be sed,
Hobson has supt, and's newly gon to bed.

Another

Another on the same.

Here lieth one who did most truly prove,
 That he could never die while he could move,
 So hung his destiny never to rot
 While he might still jogg on, and keep his trot,
 Made of sphear-metal, never to decay
 Untill his revolution was at stay.
 Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
 'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time,
 And like an Engin mov'd with wheel and waight,
 His principles being ceast, he ended strait,
 Rest that gives all men life, gave him his death,
 And too much breathing put him out of breath,
 Nor were it contradiction to affirm
 Too long vacation hastned on his term.
 Meerly to drive the time away he sickn'd,
 Fainted, and died, nor would with Ale be quickn'd,
 Nay, quoth he, on his swooning bed outstretch'd,
 If I may not carry, sure Ile ne're be fetch'd,
 But vow though the cross Doctors all stood hearers,
 For one Carrier put down to make six bearers.
 Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,
 He did for heaviness that his Cart went light,

His leasure told him that his time was com,
 And lack of load, made his life burdensom,
 That even to his last breath (ther be that say't)
 As he were prest to death, he cry'd more waights;
 But had his doings lasted as they were,
 He had bin an immortall Carrier.
 Obedient to the Moon he spent his date
 In cours reciprocal, and had his fate
 Linkt to the mutual flowing of the Seas,
 Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase:
 His Letters are deliver'd all and gon,
 Onely remains this superscription.

L' Allegro.

Hence loathed Melancholy
 Of *Cerberus*, and blackest midnight born,
 In *Stygian* Cave forlorn
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and threiks, and sights unholy;
 Find out som uncouth cell,
 Wher brooding darknes spreads his jealous wings,
 And the night-Raven sings;
 There under *Ebon* shades, and low-brow'd Rocks,
 As ragged as thy Locks,
 In dark *Cimmerian* desert ever dwell.

But

But com thou Goddess fair and free,
 In Heav'n ycleap'd *Euphrosyne*,
 And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
 Whom lovely *Venus* at a birth
 With two sister Graces more
 To Ivy-crowned *Bacchus* bore;
 Or whether (as som Sager sing)
 The frolick Wind that breathes the Spring,
Zephir with *Aurora* playing,
 As he met her once a Maying,
 There on Beds of Violets blew,
 And fresh-blown Roses wait in dew,
 Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
 So bucksom, blith, and debonair.
 Haste thee nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful Jollity,
 Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
 Nods, and Becks, and Wreathed Smiles,
 Such as hang on *Hebe's* cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek;
 Sport that wrinckled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides.
 Com, and trip it as ye go
 On the light fantaslick toe.

And in thy right hand lead with thee,
 The Mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty;
 And if I give thee honour due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crue
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unreproved pleasures free;
 To hear the Lark begin his flight,
 And singing startle the dull night,
 From his watch-towre in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
 Then to com in spight of sorrow,
 And at my window bid good morrow,
 Through the Sweet-Briar, or the Vine,
 Or the twisted Eglantine.
 While the Cock with lively din,
 Scatters the rear of darknes thin,
 And to the stack, or the Barn dore,
 Stoutly struts his Dames before,
 Oft list'ning how the Hounds and horn,
 Chearly rouse the flumbring morn,
 From the side of som Hoar Hill,
 Through the high wood echoing shrill.
 Som time walking not unseen
 By Hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks green,

Right against the Eastern gate,
 Wher the great Sun begins his state,
 Rob'd in flames, and Amber light,
 The clouds in thousand Liveries dight;
 While the Plowman neer at hand,
 Whistles ore the Furrow'd Land,
 And the Milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the Mower whets his fithe,
 And every Shepherd tells his tale
 Under the Hawthorn in the dale.
 Streit mine eye hath caught new pleasures
 Whilst the Lantskip round it measures,
 Russet Lawns, and Fallows Gray,
 Where the nibling flocks do stray,
 Mountains on whose barren brest
 The labouring clouds do often rest :
 Meadows trim with Daiesies pide,
 Shallow Brooks, and Rivers wide.
 Towers, and Battlements it sees
 Boosom'd high in tufted Trees,
 Wher perhaps som beauty lies,
 The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
 Hard by, a Cottage chimney smokes,
 From betwixt two aged Oakes,

Where *Corydon* and *Thyrsis* met,
 Are at their favory dinner set
 Of Hearbs, and other Country Messes,
 Which the neat-handed *Phillis* dresses;
 And then in haste her Bowre she leaves,
 With *Thestylis* to bind the Sheaves;
 Or if the earlier season lead
 To the tann'd Haycock in the Mead,
 Som times with secure delight
 The up-land Hamlets will invite,
 When the merry Bells ring round,
 And the jocond rebecks sound
 To many a youth, and many a maid,
 Dancing in the Chequer'd shade;
 And young and old com forth to play
 On a Sunshine Holyday,
 Till the live-long day-light fail,
 Then to the Spicy Nut-brown Ale,
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How *Faery Mab* the junkets eat,
 She was pincht, and pull'd she sed,
 And he by Friars Lanthorn led
 Tells how the drudging *Goblin* swet,
 To ern his Cream-bowle duly set,

When

When in one night, ere glimps of morn,
 His shadowy Flare hath thresh'd the Corn
 That ten day-labourers could not end,
 Then lies him down the LubbarFend.
 And stretch'd out all the Chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
 And Crop-full out of dores he flings,
 Ere the first Cock his Mattin rings.
 Thus don the Tales, to bed they creep,
 By whispering Windes soon lull'd asleep.
 Towred Cities please us then,
 And the busie humm of men,
 Where throngs of Knights and Barons bold,
 In weeds of Peace high triumphs hold,
 With store of Ladies, whose bright eies
 Rain influence, and judge the prise
 Of Wit, or Arms, while both contend
 To win her Grace, whom all commend.
 There let *Hymen* oft appear
 In Saffron robe, with Taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask, and antique Pageantry,
 Such fights as youthfull Poets dream
 On Summer eeves by haunted stream.

Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If *Jonsons* learned Sock be on,
 Or sweetest *Shakespear* fancie's childe,
 Warble his native Wood-notes wilde,
 And ever against eating Cares,
 Lap me in soft *Lydian* Aires,
 Married to immortal verse
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce
 In notes, with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetnes long drawn out,
 With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running;
 Untwisting all the chains that ty
 The hidden soul of harmony.
 That *Orpheus* self may heave his head
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heapt *Elysian* flowres, and hear
 Such streins as would have won the ear
 Of *Pluto*, to have quite set free
 His half regain'd *Eurydice*.
 These delights, if thou canst give,
 Mirth with thee, I mean to live.

Il Penseroso.

Hence vain deluding joyes,
 The brood of folly without father bred,
 How little you bested,

Or fill the fixed mind with all your toyes;
 Dwell in som idle brain,

And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
 As thick and numberless

As the gay motes that people the Sun Beams,
 Or likest hovering dreams

The fickle Pensioners of *Morpheus* train.

But hail thou Goddess, sage and holy,

Hail divinest Melancholy,

Whose Saintly visage is too bright

To hit the Sense of human sight;

And therefore to our weaker view,

Ore laid with black staid Wisdoms hue.

Black, but such as in esteem,

Prince *Memnon*s sister might beseem,

Or that Starr'd *Ethiope* Queen that strove

To set her beauties praise above

The Sea Nymphs, and their powers offended.

Yet thou art higher far descended,

Thee bright-hair'd *Vesta* long of yore,
 To solitary *Saturn* bore ;
 His daughter she (in *Saturnus* reign,
 Such mixture was not held a stain)
 Oft in glimmering Bowres, and glades
 He met her, and in secret shades
 Of woody *Ida's* inmost grove,
 While yet there was no fear of *Jove*.
 Com pensive Nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, stedfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestick train,
 And sable stole of *Cipres* Lawn,
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
 Com, but keep thy wonted state,
 With eev'n step, and musing gait,
 And looks commercing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes :
 There held in holy passion still,
 Forget thy self to Marble, till
 With a sad Leaden downward cast,
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
 And joyn with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,

And

And hears the Muses in a ring,
 Ay round about *Joves* Altar sing.
 And adde to these retired leasure,
 That in trim Gardens takes his pleasure;
 But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
 The Cherub Contemplation,
 And the mute Silence hist along,
 'Lest *Philomel* will daign a Song,
 In her sweetest, saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
 While *Cynthia* checks her Dragon yoke,
 Gently o're th'accustom'd Oke;
 Sweet Bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,
 Most musically, most melancholy!
 Thee Chauntress oft the Woods among,
 I woo to hear thy even-Song;
 And missing thee, I walk unseen
 On the dry smooth-shaven Green,
 To behold the wandring Moon,
 Riding neer her highest noon,
 Like one that had bin led astray
 Through the Heav'n's wide pathles way;

And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 Oft on a Plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far-off *Curfeu* sound,
 Over som wide-water'd shoar,
 Swinging slow with fullen roar ;
 Or if the Ayr will not permit,
 Som still removed place will fit,
 Where glowing Embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the Cricket on the hearth,
 Or the Belmans drousie charm,
 To blefs the dores from nightly harm :
 Or let my Lamp at midnight hour,
 Be seen in som high lonely Towr,
 Where I may oft out-watch the *Bear*,
 With thrice great *Hermes*, or unsphear
 The spirit of *Plato* to unfold
 What Worlds, or what vast Regions hold
 The immortal mind that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook :
 And of those *Dæmons* that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,

Whose power hath a true consent
 With Planet, or with Element.
 Som time let Gorgeous Tragedy
 In Scepter'd Pall com sweeping by,
 Presenting *Thebs*, or *Pelops* line,
 Or the tale of *Troy* divine.
 Or what (though rare) of later age,
 Ennobled hath the Buskind stage.
 But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
 Might raise *Musæus* from his bower,
 Or bid the soul of *Orpheus* sing
 Such notes as warbled to the string,
 Drew Iron tears down *Pluto's* cheek,
 And made Hell grant what Love did seek.
 Or call up him that left half told
 The story of *Cambuscan* bold,
 Of *Camball*, and of *Algarfise*,
 And who had *Canace* to wife,
 That own'd the vertuous Ring and Glasse,
 And of the wondrous Hors of Brass,
 On which the *Tartar* King did ride;
 And if ought els, great *Bards* beside,
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
 Of Turneys and of Trophies hung;

Of Forests, and enchantments drear,
 Where more is meant then meets the ear.
 Thus night oft see me in thy pale career,
 Till civil-suited Morn appear,
 Not trickt and frounc't as she was wont,
 With the Attick Boy to hunt,
 But Cherchef't in a comly Cloud,
 While rocking Winds are Piping loud,
 Or usher'd with a shower still,
 When the gulf hath blown his fill,
 Ending on the rufsling Leaves,
 With minute drops from off the Eaves.
 And when the Sun begins to fling
 His flaring beams, me Goddes bring
 To arched walks of twilight groves,
 And shadows brown that *Sylvan* loves
 Of Pine, or monumental Oake,
 Where the rude Ax with heaved stroke,
 Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
 Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
 There in close covert by som Brook,
 Where no profaner eye may look,
 Hide me from Day's garish cie,
 While the Bee with Honied thie,

That at her flowry work doth sing,
 And the Waters murmuring
 With such confort as they keep,
 Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep;
 And let som strange myſterious dream,
 Wave at his Wings in Airy ſtream,
 Of lively portraiture display'd,
 Softly on my eye-lids laid.
 And as I wake, ſweet muſick breath
 Above, about, or underneath,
 Sent by ſom ſpirit to mortals good;
 Or th'unſeen Genius of the Wood.
 But let my due feet never fail,
 To walk the ſtudious Cloyſters pale,
 And love the high embowed Roof,
 With antick Pillars maſſy proof,
 And ſtoried Windows richly dight,
 Caſting a dimm religious light.
 There let the pealing Organ blow,
 To the full voic'd Quire below,
 In Service high, and Anthems cleer,
 As may with ſweetnes, through mine ear,
 Diſſolve me into extaſies,
 And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes,

And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peacefull hermitage,
 The Hairy Gown and Mossy Cell,
 Where I may sit and rightly spell,
 Of every Star that Heav'n doth shew,
 And every Herb that sips the dew ;
 Till old experience do attain
 To something like Prophetic strain.
 These pleasures *Melancholy* give,
 And I with thee will choose to live.

SONNETS.

I.

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy Spray
 Warbl'st at eve, when all the Woods are still,
 Thou with fresh hope the Lovers heart dost fill,
 While the jolly hours lead on propitious May,
 Thy liquid notes that close the eye of Day,
 First heard before the shallow Cuckoo's bill
 Portend success in love ; O if *Jove's* will
 Have linkt that amorous power to thy soft lay,
 Now timely sing, ere the rude Bird of Hate
 Foretell my hopeles doom in som Grove ny :
 As thou from yeer to yeer hast sung too late

For my relief; yet hadst no reason why,
 Whether the Muse, or Love call thee his mate,
 Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

II.

Donna leggiadra il cui bel nome honora
L'herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,
Ben è colui d'ogni valore scarco
Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamora,
Che dolcemente mostra sì di fuora
De suoi atti soavi giamai parco,
E i don', che son d'amor saette ed arco,
La onde l'alta tua virtù s'infiora.
Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti
Che mover possa duro alpestre legno,
Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi
L'entrata, chi di te si truova indegno;
Gratia sola di sù gli vaglia, inanti
Che'l disio amoroso al cuor s'invecchi.

III.

Qual in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera
L'averza giovinetta pastorella
Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella
Che mal si spande a disusata sfera

Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,
 Così Amor meco insù la lingua snella
 Desta il fior novo di strania favella,
 Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,
 Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso
 E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.
 Amor lo volse, ed io a l'altrui peso
 Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.
 Ohi! foss' il mio cuor lento e'l duro seno
 A chi pianta dal ciel sì buon terreno.

Canzone.

R Idonfi donne e giovani amorosi
 M' accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,
 Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana
 Verseggiando d'amor, e come t'osi?
 Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,
 E de pensieri lo miglior t' arrivi;
 Così mi van burlando, altri rivi
 Altri lidi t' aspettan, & altre onde
 Nelle cui verdi sponde
 Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma
 L'immortal guiderdon d' eterne frondi
 Perche alle spalle tue soverchia soma?
 Canzon dirotti, e tu per me rispondi

*Dice mia Donna, e'l suo dir, è il mio cuore
Questa è lingua di cui si vanta Amore.*

I V.

*Diodati, e te'l dirò con maraviglia,
Quel ritroso io ch' amor spreggiar soléa
E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridéa
Gia caddi, ov'huom dabben talhor s'impiglia,
Ne treccie d'oro, ne guancia vermiglia
M'abbaglian sì, ma sotto nova idea
Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,
Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia
Quel sereno fulgor d'amabil nero,
Parole adorne di lingua piu d'una,
E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemispero
Traviar ben può la faticosa Luna,
E degli occhi suoi auventa sì gran fuoco
Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.*

V.

*Per certo i bei vostr'occhi Donna mia
Esser non puo che non fian lo mio sole
Si mi percuoton forte, come ei suole
Per l'arene di Libia chi s'invia,*

Mentre un callo vapor (ne sentì pria)

Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,

Che forse amanti nelle lor parole

Chiaman sospir ; io non so che si sia :

Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si celsa

Sosso mi il petto, e poi n'uscendo poco

Quivi d'attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'inghiela ;

Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge a trovar loco

Tutte le notti a me suol far pioverse

Finche mia Alba rivien colma di rose.

VI.

Giovane piano, e semplicetto amante

Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,

Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono

Farò devoto ; io certo a prove tante

L'ebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,

De pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono ;

Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,

S'arma di se, e d' intero diamante,

Tanto del forse, e d' invidia sicuro,

Di timori, e speranze al popol use

Quanto d'ingegno, e d' alto valor vago,

E di cetra sonora, e delle muse :

Sol troverete in tal parte men duro

Ove Amor mise l'insanabil ago.

V I I.

How soon hath Time the suttie thief of youth,
 Stolen on his wing my three and twentieth yeer !
 My hasting dayes flie on with full career,
 But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
 That I to manhood am arriv'd so near,
 And inward ripenes doth much less appear,
 That som more timely-happy spirits indu'th.
 Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow;
 It shall be still in strictest measure eev'n,
 To that same lot, however mean, or high,
 Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heav'n ;
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,
 As ever in my great task Masters eye.

V I I I.

Captain or Colonel, or Knight in Arms, ?
 Whose chance on these defenceless dores may feast,
 If ever deed of honour did thee please,
 Guard them, and him within protect from harms,
 He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
 That call Fame on such gentle acts as these,
 And he can spread thy Name o're Lands and Seas,
 What ever clime the Suns bright circle warms.

Lift not thy spear against the Muses Bowre,
 The great *Emathian* Conqueror bid spare
 The house of *Pindarus*, when Temple and Towre
 Went to the ground : And the repeated air
 Of sad *Electra's* Poet had the power
 To save th' *Athenian* Walls from ruine bare.

I X.

Lady that in the prime of earliest youth,
 Wisely hast shun'd the broad way and the green,
 And with those few art eminently seen,
 That labour up the Hill of heav'nly Truth,
 The better part with *Mary*, and the *Ruth*,
 Chosen thou hast, and they that overween,
 And at thy growing vertues fret their spleen,
 No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.
 Thy care is fixt, and zealously attends
 To fill thy odorous Lamp with deeds of light,
 And Hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure
 Thou, when the Bridegroom with his feastfull friends
 Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,
 Hast gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure.

Daughter to that good Earl, once President
 Of *Englands* Counsel, and her Treasury,
 Who liv'd in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,
 And left them both, more in himself content,
 Till the sad breaking of that Parliament
 Broke him, as that dishonest victory
 At *Charonéa*, fatal to liberty
 Kil'd with report that Old man eloquent,
 Though later born, then to have known the dayes
 Wherin your Father flourish'd, yet by you
 Madam, me thinks I see him living yet;
 So well your words his noble vertues praise,
 That all both judge you to relate them true,
 And to possess them, Honour'd *Margaret*.

Arcades.

Part of an entertainment presented to
 the Countess Dowager of *Darby* at *Harefield*,
 by som Noble persons of her Family, who
 appear on the Scene in pastoral habit, moving
 toward the seat of State, with this Song.

1. SONG.

Look Nymphs, and Shepherds look,
 What sudden blaze of majesty

Is that which we from hence descry
Too divine to be mistook :

This this is she

To whom our vows and wishes bend,
Heer our solemn search hath end.

Fame that her high worth to raise,
Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,

We may justly now accuse
Of detraction from her praise,
Less then half we find exprest,
Envy bid conceal the rest.

Mark what radiant state she spreads,
In circle round her shining throne,
Shooting her beams like silver threads,
This this is she alone,

Sitting like a Goddess bright,
In the center of her light.

Might she the wise *Latona* be,
Or the towred *Cybele*,
Mother of a hunderd gods ;
Juno dare's not give her odds ;

Who had thought this clime had held
A deity so unparalel'd ?

As they com forward, the Genius of the Wood
appears, and turning toward them, speaks.

G*En.* Stay gentle Swains, for though in this disguise,
I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes,
Of famous *Arcady* ye are, and sprung
Of that renowned flood, so often sung,
Divine *Alpheus*, who by secret fluse,
Stole under Seas to meet his *Arethuse*;
And ye the breathing Roses of the Wood,
Fair silver-buskind Nymphs as great and good,
I know this quest of yours, and free intent
Was all in honour and devotion ment
To the great Mistres of yon princely shrine,
Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,
And with all helpful service will comply
To further this nights glad solemnity;
And lead ye where ye may more neer behold
What shallow-searching *Fame* hath left untold;
Which I full oft amidst these shades alone
Have fate to wonder at, and gaze upon:
For know by lot from *Jove* I am the powr
Of this fair Wood, and live in Oak'n bowr,

To nurse the Saplings tall, and curl the grove
 With Ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove,
 And all my Plants I save from nightly ill,
 Of noisom winds, and blasting vapours chill.
 And from the Boughs brush off the evil dew,
 And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blew,
 Or what the cross dire-looking Planet smites,
 Or hurtfull Worm with canker'd venom bites.
 When Eev'ning gray doth rise, I fetch my round
 Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground,
 And early ere the odorous breath of morn
 Awakes the slumbring leaves, or tasseld horn
 Shakes the high thicker, haste I all about,
 Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
 With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless,
 But els in deep of night when drowlines
 Hath lockt up mortal sense, then listen I
 To the celestial *Sirens* harmony,
 That sit upon the nine enfolded Sphears,
 And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
 And turn the Adamantine spindle round,
 On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
 Such sweet compulsion doth in musick ly,
 To lull the daughters of *Necessity*,

And keep unsteddy Nature to her law,
 And the low world in measur'd motion draw
 After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
 Of human mould with grosse unpurged ear;
 And yet such musick worthiest were to blaze
 The peerles height of her immortal praise,
 Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,
 If my inferior hand or voice could hit
 Inimitable sounds, yet as we go,
 What ere the skill of lesser gods can show,
 I will assay, her worth to celebrate,
 And so attend ye toward her glittering state;
 Where ye may all that are of noble stemm
 Approach, and kiss her sacred vestures hemm.

2. S O N G.

O'Re the smooth enameld green
 Where no print of step hath been,
 Follow me as I sing,
 And touch the warbled string.
 Under the shady roof
 Of branching Elm Star-proof,
 Follow me,

I will bring you where she sits,
 Clad in splendor as befits
 Her deity.

Such a rural Queen
 All *Arcadia* hath not seen.

3. S O N G.

Nymphs and Shepherds dance no more
 By sandy *Ladons* Lillied banks.

On old *Lycæus* or *Cyllene* hoar,

Trip no more in twilight ranks,
 Though *Erymanth* your loss deplore,

A better soyl shall give ye thanks.

From the stony *Maenalus*,

Bring your Flocks, and live with us,

Here ye shall have greater grace,

To serve the Lady of this place.

Though *Syrinx* your *Pans* Mistres were,

Yet *Syrinx* well might wait on her.

Such a rural Queen

All *Arcadia* hath not seen.

Lycidas.

In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend, unfortunately drown'd in his Passage from *Chester* on the *Irish* Seas, 1637. And by occasion foretels the ruine of our corrupted Clergy then in their height.

Y Et once more, O ye Laurels, and once more
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never-fear,

I com to pluck your Berries harsh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude,

Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.

Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,

Compels me to disturb your season due :

For *Lycidas* is dead, dead ere his prime

Young *Lycidas*, and hath not left his peer :

Who would not sing for *Lycidas*? he knew

Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.

He must not float upon his watry bear

Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,

Without the meed of som melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,

That from beneath the seat of *Jove* doth spring,

Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.

Hence

Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
 So may some gentle Muse
 With lucky words favour my destin'd Urn,
 And as he passes turn,
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
 For we were nurs'd upon the self-same hill,
 Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill.

Together both, ere the high Lawns appear'd
 Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
 We drove a field, and both together heard
 What time the Gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
 Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
 Oft till the Star that rose, at Ev'ning, bright
 Toward Heav'n's descent had stop'd his westering wheel.
 Mean while the Rural ditties were not mute,
 Temper'd to th'Oaten Flute,
 Rough *Satyrs* danc'd, and *Fauns* with clov'n heel,
 From the glad sound would not be absent long,
 And old *Damætes* lov'd to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gon,
 Now thou art gon, and never must return!
 Thee Shepherd, thee the Woods, and desert Caves,
 With wilde Thyme and the gadding Vine o'regrown,
 And all their echoes mourn.

The Willows, and the Hazle Copes green,
 Shall now no more be seen,
 Fanning their joyous Leaves to thy soft layes.
 As killing as the Canker to the Rose,
 Or Taint-worm to the weanling Herds that graze,
 Or Frost to Flowers, that their gay wardrop wear,
 When first the White thorn blows;
 Such, *Lycidas*, thy loss to Shepherds ear.

Where were ye Nymphs when the remorseless deep
 Clos'd o're the head of your lov'd *Lycidas*?
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,
 Where your old *Bards*, the famous *Druids* ly,
 Nor on the shaggy top of *Mona* high,
 Nor yet where *Deva* spreads her wifard stream :
 Ay me, I fondly dream !
 Had ye bin there---for what could that have don ?
 What could the Muse her self that *Orpheus* bore,
 The Muse her self, for her enchanting son
 Whom Universal nature did lament,
 When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
 His goary visage down the stream was sent,
 Down the swift *Hebrus* to the *Letbian* shore.

Alas ! What boots it with uncessant care
 To tend the homely slighted Shepherds trade,

And

And strictly meditate the thankles Muse,
 Were it not better don as others use,
 To sport with *Amaryllis* in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of *Nexra's* hair ?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
 (That last infirmity of Noble mind)
 To scorn delights, and live laborious dayes ;
 But the fair Guerdon when we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind *Fury* with th'abhorred shears,
 And slits the thin spun life. But not the praise,
Phæbus repli'd, and touch'd my trembling ears ;
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
 Nor in the glistering foil
 Set off to th'world, nor in broad rumour lies,
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
 And perfet witnes of all judging *Jove* ;
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.

O Fountain *Arethuse*, and thou honour'd floud,
 Smooth-sliding *Mincius*, crown'd with vocall reeds,
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood :
 But now my Oate proceeds,
 And listens to the Herald of the Sea

That came in *Neptune's* plea,
 He ask'd the Waves, and ask'd the Fellon winds,
 What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
 And question'd every gulf of rugged wings
 That blows from off each beaked Promontory,
 They knew not of his story,
 And sage *Hippotades* their answer brings,
 That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
 The Ayr was calm, and on the level brine,
 Sleek *Panope* with all her sisters play'd.
 It was that fatall and perfidious Bark
 Built in th'eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next *Camus*, reverend Sire, went footing flow,
 His Mantle hairy, and his Bonnet sedge,
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
 Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with woe.
 Ah! Who hath rest (quoth he) my dearest pledge?
 Last came, and last did go,
 The Pilot of the *Galilean* lake,
 Two massy Keyes he bore of metals twain,
 (The Golden opes, the Iron shuts amain)
 He shook his Miter'd locks, and stern bespake,
 How well could I have spar'd for thee young swain.

ANON

Anow of such as for their bellies sake,
 Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold ?
 Of other care they little reck'ning make,
 Then how to scramble at the shearers feast,
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
 Blind mouthes ! that scarce themselves know how to hold
 A Sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought els the least
 That to the faithfull Herdmans art belongs !
 What recks it them ? What need they ? They are sped ;
 And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
 Grate on their scrannel Pipes of wretched straw,
 The hungry Sheep look up, and are not fed,
 But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread :
 Besides what the grim Woolf with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing fed,
 But that two-handed engine at the door,
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Return *Alpheus*, the dread voice is past,
 That shrunk thy streams ; Return *Sicilian Muse*,
 And call the Vales, and bid them hither cast
 Their Bels, and Flourets of a thousand hues.
 Ye valleys low where the milde whispers use,
 Of shades and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,

On whose fresh lap the swart Star sparsely looks,
 Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,
 That on the green turf suck the honied showres,
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowres.
 Bring the rathe Primrose that forsaken dies.
 The tufted Crow-toe, and pale Gessamine,
 The white Pink, and the Pansie freckt with jeat,
 The glowing Violet.
 The Musk-rose, and the well attir'd Woodbine,
 With Cowslips wan that hang the pensive hed,
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears :
 Bid *Amaranthus* all his beauty shed,
 And Daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
 To strew the Laureat Herse where *Lycid* lies.
 For so to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
 Ay me ! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding Seas
 Wash far away, where ere thy bones are hurld,
 Whether beyond the stormy *Hebrides*,
 Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world ;
 Or whether thou to our moist vows deny'd,
 Sleep'st by the fable of *Bellerus* old,
 Where the great vision of the guarded Mount

Looks toward *Namancos* and *Bayona's* hold ;
 Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth.
 And, O ye *Dolphins*, waft the haples youth.

'Weep no more, woful Shepherds weep no more,
 For *Lycidas* your sorrow is not dead,
 Sunk though he be beneath the watry floor,
 So sinks the day-star in the Ocean bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new spangled Ore,
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :
 So *Lycidas* sunk low, but mounted high,
 Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves
 Where other groves, and other streams along,
 With *Nectar* pure his oozy Lock's he laves,
 And hears the unexpressive nuptiall Song,
 In the blest Kingdoms meek of joy and love.
 There entertain him all the Saints above,
 In solemn troops, and sweet Societies
 That sing, and singing in their glory move,
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
 Now *Lycidas* the Shepherds weep no more ;
 Hence forth thou art the Genius of the shore,
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
 To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth Swain to th' Oakes and rills,
 While the still morn went out with Sandals gray,
 He touch'd the tender stops of various Quills,
 With eager thought warbling his *Dorick* lay :
 And now the Sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
 And now was dropt into the Western bay ;
 At last he rose, and twitch'd his Mantle blew :
 To morrow to fresh Woods, and Pastures new.



E





A
M A S K

Of the same

A U T H O R

P R E S E N T E D

At L U D L O W-Castle,

1 6 3 4.

Before

The Earl of B R I D G E W A T E R

Then President of W A L E S.



Anno Dom. 1645.

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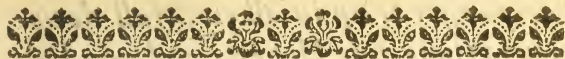
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To the Right Honourable,
 JOHN Lord Vicount BRACLY,
 Son and Heir apparent to the Earl
 of Bridgewater, &c.

MY LORD,



His Poem, which receiv'd its first occasion of Birth from your Self, and others of your Noble Family, and much honour from your own Person in the performance, now returns again to make a finall Dedication of it self to you. Although not openly acknowledg'd by the Author, yet it is a legitimate off-spring, so lovely, and so much desired, that the often Copying of it hath tir'd my Pen to give my severall friends satisfaction, and brought me to a necessity of producing it to the publike view ; and

now to offer it up in all rightfull devotion to those fair Hopes, and rare Endowments of your much-promising Youth, which give a full assurance, to all that know you, of a future excellence. Live sweet Lord to be the honour of your Name, and receive this as your own, from the hands of him, who hath by many favours been long oblig'd to your most honour'd Parents, and as in this representation your attendant Thyrsis, so now in all reall expression

Your faithfull, and most
humble Servant

H. LAWES.

The

The Còpy of a Letter Writt'n
By Sir HENRY WOOTTON,
To the Author, upon the
following Poem.

From the Colledge, this 13. of April, 1638.

S I R,



T was a special favour, when you lately bestowed upon me here, the first taste of your acquaintance, though no longer then to make me know that I wanted more time to value it, and to enjoy it rightly; and in truth, if I could then have imagined your farther stay in these parts, which I understood afterwards by Mr. H., I would have been bold in our vulgar phrase to mend my draught (for you left me with an extreme thirst) and to have begged your conversation again, joyntly with your said learned Friend, at a poor meal or two, that we might have banded together som good Authors of the antient time: Among which, I observed you to have been familiar.

Since your going, you have charg'd me with new Obligations, both for a very kinde Letter from you dated the sixth of this Month, and for a dainty peece of entertainment which came therewith. Wherin I should much commend the Tragical part, if the Lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Dorique delicacy in your Songs and Odes, wherunto I must

plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our Language : *Ipsa mollities*. But I must not omit to tell you, that I now onely owe you thanks for intimating unto me (how modestly soever) the true Artificer. For the work it self, I had view'd som good while before, with singular delight, having receiv'd it from our common Friend Mr. R. in the very close of the late R's Poems, Printed at *Oxford*, wherunto it was added (as I now suppose) that the Accessory might help out the Principal, according to the Art of *Stationers*, and to leave the Reader *Con la bocca dolce*.

Now Sir, concerning your travels, wherin I may chalenge a little more priviledge of Discours with you ; I suppose you will not blanch *Paris* in your way ; therfore I have been bold to trouble you with a few lines to Mr. *M. B.* whom you shall easily find attending the young Lord *S.* as his Governour, and you may surely receive from him good directions for the shaping of your farther journey into *Italy*, where he did reside by my choice som time for the King, after mine own recess from *Venice*.

I should think that your best Line will be thorow the whole length of *France* to *Marseilles*, and thence by Sea to *Genoa*, whence the passage into *Tuscany* is as Diurnal as a *Gravesend* Barge : I hasten as you do to *Florence*, or *Siena*, the rather to tell you a short story from the interest you have given me in your safety.

At *Siena* I was tabled in the House of one *Alberto Scipioni* an old *Roman* Courtier in dangerous times

times, having bin Steward to the *Duca di Pagliano*, who with all his Family were strangled, save this onely man that escap'd by foresight of the Tempest: With him I had often much chat of those affairs; Into which he took pleasure to look back from his Native Harbour; and at my departure toward *Rome* (which had been the center of his experience) I had wonn confidence enough to beg his advice, how I might carry my self securely there, without offence of others, or of mine own conscience. *Signor Arrigomio* (sayes he) *I pensieri stretti, & il viso sciolto* will go safely over the whole World: Of which *Delphian* Oracle (for so I have found it) your judgement doth need no commentary; and therefore (Sir) I will commit you with it to the best of all securities, Gods dear love, remaining

Your Friend as much at command
as any of longer date
Henry Wootton.

Postscript.

SIR, I have expressly sent this my Foot-boy to prevent your departure without som acknowledgement from me of the receipt of your obliging Letter, having my self through som busines, I know not how, neglected the ordinary conveyance. In any part where I shall understand you fixed, I shall be glad, and diligent to entertain you with Home-Novelties; even for som fortification of our friendship, too soon interrupted in the Cradle.

The



The Persons.

The attendant Spirit afterwards in
in the habit of *Thyrsis*.

Comus with his crew.

The Lady.

1. Brother.

2. Brother.

Sabrina the Nymph.

*The cheif persons which presented ,
were*

The Lord *Bracly*,

Mr. *Thomas Egerton* his Brother,

The Lady *Alice Egerton*.



A MASK

P R E S E N T E D

At L U D L O W-Castle,
1634. &c.

The first Scene discovers a wilde Wood.

The attendant Spirit descends or enters.



Efore the starry threshold of Joves Court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aëreal Spirits live insphear'd
In Regions milde of calm and serene Ayr,
Above the smoak and stirr of this dim spot,
Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care
Confin'd,

Confin'd, and pester'd in this pin-fold here,
 Strive to keep up a frail, and Feaverish being
 Unmindfull of the crown that Vertue gives
 After this mortal change, to her true Servants
 Amongst the enthron'd gods on Sainted seats,
 Yet som there be that by due steps aspire
 To lay their just hands on that Golden Key
 That ope's the Palace of Eternity :
 To such my errand is, and but for such,
 I would not soil these pure Ambrosial weeds,
 With the rank vapours of this Sin-worn mould.

But to my task. *Neptune* besides the sway
 Of every salt Flood, and each ebbing Stream,
 Took in by lot 'twixt high, and neather *Jove*,
 Imperial rule of all the Sea-girt Iles
 That like to rich, and various gemms inlay
 The unadorned boosom of the Deep,
 Which he to grace his tributary gods
 By course commits to severall goverment,
 And gives them leave to wear their Saphire crowns,
 And weild their little tridents, but this Ile
 The greatest, and the best of all the main
 He quarters to his blu hair'd deities,
 And all this tract that fronts the falling Sun

A noble Peer of mickletrust, and power
 Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
 An old, and haughty Nation proud in Arms :
 Where his fair off-spring nurs't in Princely lore,
 Are coming to attend their Fathers state,
 And new-entrusted Scepter, but their way
 Lies through the perplex't paths of this drear Wood,
 The nodding horror of whose shady brows.
 Threats the forlorn and wandring Passenger.
 And here their tender age might suffer perill,
 But that by quick command from Soveran *Jove*
 I was dispatcht for their defence, and guard ;
 And listen why, for I will tell ye now
 What never yet was heard in Tale or Song
 From old, or modern Bard in Hall, or Bowr.

Bacchus that first from out the purple Grape,
 Crush't the sweet poyson of mis-used Wine
 After the *Tuscan* Mariners transform'd.
 Coasting the *Tyrrhene* shore, as the winds listd,
 On *Circes* Iland fell (who knows not *Circe*
 The daughter of the Sun ? Whose charmed Cup
 Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
 And downward fell into a groveling Swine)
 This Nymph that gaz'd upon his clustring locks,

With

With Ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,
 Had by him, ere he parted thence, a Son
 Much like his Father, but his Mother more,
 Whom therefore she brought up and *Comus* nam'd,
 Who ripe, and frolick of his full grown age,
 Roaving the *Celtick*, and *Iberian* fields,
 At last betakes him to this ominous Wood,
 And in thick shelter of black shades imbowl'd,
 Excells his Mother at her mighty Art,
 Offring to every weary Travailer,
 His orient liquor in a Crystal Glasse,
 To quench the drouth of *Phæbus*, which as they taste
 (For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst)
 Soon as the Potion works, their human count'nance,
 Th'express resemblance of the gods, is chang'd
 Into som brutish form of Woolf, or Bear,
 Or Ounce, or Tiger, Hog, or bearded Goat,
 All other parts remaining as they were,
 And they, so perfect is their misery,
 Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
 But boast themselves more comely then before
 And all their friends, and native home forget
 To roule with pleasure in a sensual stie.
 Therefore when any favour'd of high Jove,

Chances to passe through this adventrous glade,
 Swift as the Sparkle of a glancing Star,
 I shoot from Heav'n to give him safe convoy,
 As now I do : But first I must put off
 These my skierobes spun out of *Iris* Wooff,
 And take the Weeds and likenes of a Swain,
 That to the service of this house belongs,
 Who with his lost Pipe, and smooth-dittied Song,
 Well knows to still the wilde winds when they roar,
 And hush the waving Woods, nor of lesse faith,
 And in this office of his Mountain watch,
 Likeliest, and neereſt to the present ayd
 Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
 Of hatefull steps, I must be viewles now.

*Comus enters With a Charming Rod in one hand,
 his Glass in the other, with him a rout of Mon-
 sters headed like sundry sorts of wilde Beasts,
 but otherwise like Men and Women, their Ap-
 parel glistring, they com in making a riotous
 and unruly noise, with Torches in their hands.*

Comus. The Star that bids the Shepherd fold,
 Now the top of Heav'n doth hold,
 And the gilded Car of Day,
 His glowing Axle doth allay

In the steep *Atlantick* stream,
 And the slope Sun his upward beam,
 Shoots against the dusky Pole,
 Pacing toward the other gale
 Of his Chamber in the East.
 Mean while welcom Joy, and Feast,
 Midnight shout, and revelry,
 Tipfie dance, and Jollity.
 Braid your Locks with rosie Twine
 Dropping odours, dropping Wine.
 Rigor now is gon to bed,
 And Advice with scrupulous head,
 Strict Age, and sowe Severity,
 With their grave Saws in slumber ly.
 We that are of purer fire,
 Imitate the Starry Quire,
 Who in their nightly watchfull Sphears,
 Lead in swift round the Months and Years.
 The Sounds, and Seas with all their finny drove
 Now to the Moon in wavering Morrice move,
 And on the Tawny Sands and Shelves,
 Trip the pert Fairies and the dapper Elves;
 By dimpled Brook, and Fountain brim,
 The Wood-Nymphs deckt with Daisies trim,
 Their

Their merry wakes and pastimes keep :
 What hath night to do with sleep ?
 Night hath better sweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wak'ns Love.
 Com let us our rights begin,
 Tis onely day-light that makes Sin
 Which these dun shades will ne're report.
 Hail Goddesse of Nocturnal sport
 Dark vaild *Cotytto*, t'whom the secret flame
 Of mid-night Torches burns ; mysterious Dame
 That ne're art call'd, but when the Dragon woom
 Of Stygian darknes spets her thickest gloom,
 And makes one blot of all the ayre,
 Stay thy cloudy Ebon chair,
 Wherin thou rid'st with *Hecat'*, and besfriend
 Us thy vow'd Priests, till utmost end
 Of all thy due be done, and none left out,
 Ere the blabbing Eastern scout,
 The nice Morn on th' *Indian* steep
 From her cabin'd loop hole peep,
 And to the tel-tale Sun discry
 Our conceal'd Solemnity.
 Com, knit hands, and beat the ground,
 In a light fantastick round.

The Measure.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace,
 Of som chaste footing neer about this ground,
 Run to your shrouds; within these Brakes and Trees,
 Our number may affright : Som Virgin sure
 (For so I can distinguish by mine Art)
 Benighted in these Woods. Now to my charms,
 And to my wily trains, I shall e're long
 Be well stock't with as fair a herd as graz'd
 About my Mother *Circe*. Thus I hurl
 My dazling Spells into the spongy ayr,
 Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
 And give it false presentments, lest the place
 And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
 And put the Damsel to suspicious flight,
 Which must not be, for that's against my course;
 I under fair pretence of friendly ends,
 And well plac't words of glozing courtesie
 Baited with reasons not unplaufible
 Wind me into the easie-hearted man,
 And hugg him into snares. When once her eye
 Hath met the vertue of this Magick dust,
 I shall appear som harmles Villager
 Whom thrift keeps up about his Country gear,

But here she comes, I fairly step aside
And hearken, if I may, her business here.

The Lady enters.

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
My best guide now, me thought it was the sound
Of Riot, and ill manag'd Merriment,
Such as the jocond Flute, or gamesom Pipe
Stirs up among the loose unleter'd Hinds,
When for their teeming Flocks, and granges full
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
And thank the gods amidst. I should be loath
To meet the rudeness, and swell'd insolence
Of such late Wastailers; yet O where els
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangl'd Wood?
My Brothers when they saw me wearied out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge
Under the spreading favour of these Pines,
Stept as they se'd to the next Thicket side
To bring me Berries, or such cooling fruit
As the kind hospitable Woods provide.
They left me then, when the gray-hooded Eev'n
Like a sad Votarist in Palmers weed

Rose from the hindmost wheels of *Phæbus* wain.
 But where they are, and why they came not back,
 Is now the labour of my thoughts, 'tis likeliest
 They had ingag'd their wandring steps too far,
 And envious darknes, e're they could return,
 Had stole them from me, els O theevish Night
 Why shouldst thou, but for som fellonious end, ;
 In thy dark lantern thus close up the Stars,
 That nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their Lamps
 With everlasting oil, to give due light
 To the misl'd and lonely Travailer ?
 This is the place, as well as I may guess,
 Whence eev'n now the tumult of loud Mirth
 Was rife, and perfet in my list'ning ear,
 Yet nought but single darknes do I find.
 What might this be ? A thousand fantasies
 Begin to throng into my memory
 Of calling shapes, and beckning shadows dire,
 And airy tongues, that syllable mens names
 On Sands, and Shoars, and desert Wildernesses.
 These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
 The vertuous mind, that ever walks attended
 By a strong siding champion Conscience.-----
 O welcom pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,

Thou hovering Angel girt with golden wings,
 And thou unblemish'd form of Chastity,
 I see ye visibly, and now beleieve
 That he, the Supreme good, t'whom all things ill
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
 Would send a glistering Guardian if need were
 To keep my life and honour unassail'd.
 Was I deceiv'd, or did a fable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night ?
 I did not err, there does a fable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
 And casts a gleam over this tufted Grove.
 I cannot hallow to my Brothers, but
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
 Ile venter, for my new enliv'nd spirits
 Prompt me ; and they perhaps are not far off.

S O N G.

*Sweet Echo, sweetest Nymph that liv'st unseen
 Within thy airy shell
 By slow Meander's margent green,
 And in the violet-imbroider'd vale
 Where the love-lorn Nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad Song mourneth well.*

Canst thou not tell me of a gentle Pair

That likest thy Narcissus are ?

O if thou have

Hid them in som flowry Cave,

Tell me but where

Sweet Queen of Parly, Daughter of the Sphear,

So maist thou be translated to the skies,

And give resounding grace to all Heav'ns Harmonies.

Com. Can any mortal mixture of Earths mould
Breath such Divine inchanting ravishment ?

Sure somthing holy lodges in that brest,

And with thete raptures moves the vocal air

To testifie his hidd'n residence ;

How sweetly did they float upon the wings

Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night

At every fall smoothing the Raven dounge

Of darknes till it smil'd : I have oft heard

My Mother *Circe* with the Sirens three,

Amidst the flowry-kirtl'd *Naiades*

Culling their Potent hearbs, and balefull drugs,

Who as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,

And lap it in *Elysium*, *Scylla* wept,

And chid her barking waves into attention,

And

And fell *Charybdis* murmur'd soft applause :
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
 And in sweet madnes rob'd it of it self,
 But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss
 I never heard till now. Ile speak to her
 And she shall be my Queen. Hail forren wonder
 Whom certain these rough shades did never breed
 Unlesse the Goddess that in rurall shrine
 Dwell'st here with *Pan*, or *Silvan*, by blest Song
 Forbidding every bleak unkindly Fog
 To touch the prosperous growth of this tall Wood.

La. Nay gentle Shepherd ill is lost that praise
 That is addrest to unattending Ears,
 Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
 How to regain my sever'd company
 Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo
 To give me answer from her mossie Couch.

Co. What chance good Lady hath bereft you thus ?

La. Dim darknes, and this leavy Labyrinth.

Co. Could that divide you from neer-usherling guides ?

La. They left me weary on a grassie turf.

Co. By fallihood, or discourtesie, or why ?

La. To seek i'th vally som cool friendly Spring.

Co. And left your fair side all unguarded Lady ?

La. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.

Co. Perhaps fore-stalling night prevented them.

La. How casie my misfortune is to hit !

Co. Imports their loss, beside the present need ?

La. No less then if I should my brothers loose.

Co. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom ?

La. As smooth as *Hebe's* their unrazor'd lips.

Co. Two such I saw, what time the labour'd Oxe

In his loose traces from the furrow came,

And the swink't hedger at his Supper fate ;

I saw them under a green mantling vine

That crawls along the side of yon small hill,

Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots,

Their port was more then human, as they stood ;

I took it for a faëry vision

Of som gay creatures of the element

That in the colours of the Rainbow live

And play i'th plighted clouds. I was aw-struck,

And as I past, I worshipt ; if those you seek

It were a journey like the path to Heav'n,

To help you find them. *La.* Gentle villager

What readiest way would bring me to that place ?

Co. Due west it rises from this shrubby point,

La.

La. To find out that, good Shepherd, I suppose,
In such a scant allowance of Star-light,
Would overtask the best Land-Pilots art,
Without the sure guess of well-practiz'd feet.

Co. I know each lane, and every alley green
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wilde Wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood,
And if your stray attendance be yet lodg'd,
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low roosted lark
From her thach't pallat rowse, if otherwise
I can conduct you Lady to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
Till further quest'. *La.* Shepherd I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesie,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoaky rafters, then in tapstry Halls
And Courts of Princes, where it first was nam'd,
And yet is most pretended : In a place.
Less warrant'd then this, or less secure
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it,
Eie me blest Providence, and square my triall
To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd lead on. ----

The two Brothers.

Eld. Bro. Unmuffle ye faintstars, and thou fair Moon
 That wontst to love the travellers benizon,
 Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
 And disinherit *Chaos*, that raigus here
 In double night of darknes, and of shades ;
 Or if your influence be quite damm'd up
 With black usurping mists, som gentle taper
 Though a rush Candle from the wicker hole
 Of som clay habitation visit us
 With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light,
 And thou shalt be our star of *Arcady*,
 Or *Tyrian Cynosure*. *2 Bro.* Or if our eyes
 Be barr'd that happines, might we but hear
 The folded flocks pen'd in their watled cotes,
 Or found of pastoral reed with oaten stops,
 Or whistle from the Lodge, or village cock
 Count the night watches to his feathery Dames,
 T'would be som solace yet, som little chearing
 In this close dungeon of innumerable bowes.
 But O that haples virgin our lost sister
 Where may she wander now, whether betake her
 From the chill dew, amongst rude burrs and thistles ?
 Perhaps

Perhaps som cold bank is her bouldster now
 Or 'gainst the rugged bark of som broad Elm
 Leans her unpillow'd head fraught with sad fears.
 What if in wild amazement, and affright,
 Or while we speak within the direfull grasp
 Of Savage hunger, or of Savage heat ?

Eld. Bro. Peace brother, be not over-exquisite
 To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
 For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
 What need a man forestall his date of grief,
 And run to meet what he would most avoid ?
 Or if they be but false alarms of Fear,
 How bitter is such self-delusion ?
 I do not think my sister so to seek,
 Or so unprincipld in vertues book,
 And the sweet peace that goodnes boosoms ever,
 As that the single want of light and noise
 (Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
 Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
 And put them into mis-becoming plight.
 Vertue could see to do what vertue would
 By her own radiant light, though Sun and Moon
 Were in the flat Sea sunk. And Wildoms self
 Oft seeks to sweet retired Solitude,

Where

Where with her best nurse Contemplation
 She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings
 That in the various bussle of resort
 Were all to ruffl'd, and somtimes impair'd.
 He that has light within his own cleer brest
 May sit i'th center, and enjoy bright day,
 But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts
 Benighted walks under the mid-day Sun ;
 Himself is his own dungeon.

2. *Bro.* Tis most true

That musing meditation most affects
 The Pensive secrecy of desert cell,
 Far from the cheerfull haunt of men, and herds,
 And sits as safe as in a Senat house,
 For who would rob a Hermit of his Weeds,
 His few Books, or his Beads, or Maple Dish,
 Or do his gray hairs any violence ?
 But beauty like the fair Hesperian Tree
 Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
 Of dragon watch with uninchanted eye,
 To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
 From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.
 You may as well spread out the unsun'd heaps
 Of Misers treasure by an out-laws den,

And

And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
 Danger will wink on Opportunity,
 And let a single helpless maiden pass
 Unirjur'd in this wilde surrounding wast.
 Of night, or lonelines it reckes me not,
 I fear the dred events that dog them both,
 Lest som ill greeting touch attempt the person
 Of our unowned sister.

Eld. Bro. I do not, brother,
 Inferr, as if I thought my sisters state
 Secure without all doubt, or controversie :
 Yet where an equall poise of hope and fear
 Does arbitrate th'event, my nature is
 That I encline to hope, rather then fear,
 And gladly banish squint suspicion.
 My sister is not so defenceless left
 As you imagine, she has a hidden strength
 Which you remember not.

2. *Bro.* What hidden strength,
 Unless the strength of Heav'n, if you mean that ?

Eld. Bro. I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength
 Which if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own :
 'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity :
 She that has that, is clad in compleat steel,

And

And like a quiver'd Nymph with Arrows keen
 May trace huge Forests, and unharbour'd Heatſes,
 Infamous Hills, and ſandy perilous wildes,
 Where through the ſacred rayes of Chaſtity,
 No ſavage fierce, Bandite, or mountaneer
 Will dare to ſoyl her Virgin purity,
 Yea there, where very deſolation dwels
 By grots, and caverns ſhag'd with horrid ſhades,
 She may paſs on with unblench't majeſty,
 Be it not don in pride, or in preſumption.
 Som ſay no evil thing that walks by night
 In fog, or fire, by lake, or mooriſh ſen,
 Blew meager Hag, or ſtubborn unlaid gholt,
 That breaks his magick chains at *curſeu* time,
 No goblin, or ſwart Faëry of the mine,
 Hath hurtfull power o're true virginity.
 Doe ye beleeve me yet, or ſhall I call
 Antiquity from the old Schools of Greece
 To teſtifie the arms of Chaſtity?
 Hence had the huntreſs *Dian* her dred bow
 Fair ſilver-ſhafted Queen for ever chaſte,
 Wherwith ſhe tam'd the brinded lioness
 And ſpotted mountain pard, but ſet at nought
 The frivolous bolt of *Cupid*, gods and men

Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen oth' Woods.
 What was that snaky-headed *Gorgon* sheild
 That wise *Minerva* wore, unconquer'd Virgin,
 Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone?
 But rigid looks of Chast aust erity,
 And noble grace that dash't brute violence
 With sudden adoration, and blank aw.
 So dear to Heav'n is Saintly chastity,
 That when a soul is found sincerely so,
 A thousand liveried Angels lacky her,
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
 And in cleer dream, and solemn vision
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
 Till oft convers with heav'nly habitants
 Begin to cast a beam on th'outward shape,
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,
 And turns it by degrees to the souls essence,
 Till all be made immortal : but when lust
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
 But most by leud and lavish act of sin,
 Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,
 Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite loose
 The divine property of her first being.

Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp
 Oft seen in Charnell vaults, and Sepulchers
 Linger, and sitting by a new made grave,
 As loath to leave the body that it lov'd,
 And link't it self by carnal sensuality
 To a degenerate and degraded state.

2. Bro. How charming is divine Philosophy!
 Not harsh, and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
 But musical as is *Apollo's* lute,
 And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
 Where no crude surfeit reigns. Eld. Bro. List, list, I hear
 Som far off hallow break the silent Air.

2. Bro. Me thought so too; what should it be?

Eld. Bro. For certain
 Either som one like us night-founder'd here,
 Or els som neighbour Wood-man, or at worst,
 Som roaving Robber calling to his fellows.

2. Bro. Heav'n keep my sister, agen agen and neer,
 Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

Eld. Bro. Ile hallow,
 If he be friendly he comes well, if not,
 Defence is a good cause, and Heav'n be for us.

The attendant Spirit habited like a Shepherd.

That hallow I should know, what are you ? speak;
Com not too neer, you fall on iron stakes else.

Spir. What voice is that, my young Lord ? speak again.

2. Bro. O brother, 'tis my father, Shepherd sure.

El. Bro. *Thyrsis* ? Whose artful strains have oft delaid
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
And sweeten'd every muskrose of the dale,
How cam'st thou here good Swain ? hath any ram
Slip't from the fold, or young Kid lost his dam,
Or straggling weather the pen't flock forsook ?
How couldst thou find this dark sequester'd nook ?

Spir. O my lov'd masters heir, and his next joy,
I came not here on such a trivial toy
As a stray'd Ewe, or to pursue the stealth
Of pilfering Woolf, not all the fleecy wealth
That doth enrich these Downs, is worth a thought
To this n.rand, and the care it brought.
But O my Virgin Lady, where is she ?
How chance she is not in your company ?

Eld. Bro. To tell thee sadly Shepherd, without blame,
Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.

Spir. Ay me unhappy then my fears are true.

El. Bro. What fears good *Thyrsis*? Prethee briefly shew.

Spir. Ile tell ye, 'tis not vain, or fabulous,
(Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance)
What the sage Poëts taught by th'heav'nly Muse,
Storied of old in high immortal vers
Of dire *Chimera*'s and enchanted Iles,
And rifted Rocks whose entrance leads to hell,
For such there be, but unbelief is blind.

Within the navil of this hideous Wood,
Immur'd in cypress shades a Sorcerer dwels
Of *Bacchus*, and of *Circe* born, great *Comus*,
Deep skill'd in all his mothers witcheries,
And here to every thirsty wanderer,
By fly enticement gives his banefull cup,
With many murmurs mixt, whose pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likenes of a beast
Fixes instead, unmoulding reasons mintage
Character'd in the face; this have I learn't
Tending my flocks hard by i'th hilly crofts,
That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
Like stabl'd wolves, or tigers at their prey,
Doing abhorred rites to *Hecate*

In their obscured haunts of inmost bowres.
 Yet have they many baits, and guilefull spells
 To inveigle and invite th'unwary sence
 Of them that pass unweeting by the way.
 This evening late by then the chewing flocks
 Had ta'n their supper on the savoury Herb
 Of Knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,
 I sate me down to watch upon a bank
 With Ivy canopied, and interwove
 With flaunting Hony-suckle, and began
 Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy
 To meditate my rural minstrelsie,
 Till fancy had her fill, but ere a close
 The wonted roar was up amidst the Woods,
 And fill'd the Air with barbarous dissonance,
 At which I ceas't, and listen'd them a while,
 Till an unusuall stop of sudden silence
 Gave respite to the drowsie frightened steeds
 That draw the litter of close-curtain'd sleep:
 At last a soft and solemn breathing sound
 Rose like a steam of rich distill'd Perfumes,
 And stole upon the Air, that even Silence
 Was took e're she was ware, and with't she might
 Deny her nature, and be never more

Still to be so displac't. I was all eare,
 And took in strains that might create a soul
 Under the ribs of Death, but O ere long
 Too well I did perceive it was the voice
 Of my most honour'd Lady, your dear sister.
 Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear,
 And O poor hapless Nightingale thought I,
 How sweet thou sing'st, how neer the deadly snare !
 Then down the Lawns I ran with headlong haste
 Through paths, and turnings oft'n trod by day,
 Till guided by mine ear I found the place
 Where that damn'd wifard hid in sly disguise
 (For so by certain signes I knew) had met
 Already, ere my best speed could prævent,
 The aidless innocent Lady his wish't prey,
 Who gently ask't if he had seen such two,
 Supposing him som neighb our villager ;
 Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess't
 Ye were the two she mean't, with that I sprung
 Into swift flight, till I had found you here,
 But furdur know I not. 2. Bro. O night and shades,
 How are ye joyn'd with hell in triple knot
 Against th'unarmed weakness of one Virgin
 Alone, and helpless ! Is this the confidence

You gave me Brother ³ *Eld. Bro.* Yes, and keep it still,
 Lean on it safely, not a period
 Shall be unpaid for me : against the threats
 Of malice or of sorcery, or that power
 Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,
 Vertue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
 Surpriz'd by unjust force, but not enthrall'd,
 Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,
 Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.
 But evil on it self shall back recoyl,
 And mix no more with goodness, when at last
 Gather'd like scum, and setl'd to it self
 It shall be in eternal restless change
 Self-fed, and self-consum'd, if this fail,
 The pillar'd firmament is rott'nness,
 And earths base built on stubble. But com let's on.
 Against th'opposing will and arm of Heav'n
 May never this just sword be lifted up,
 But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt
 With all the greisly legions that troop
 Under the sooty flag of *Acheron*,
Harpyies and *Hydra's*, or all the monstrous forms
 'Twixt *Africa*, and *Inde*, Ile find him out,
 And force him to restore his purchase back,

Or drag him by the curls, to a foul death,
Curs'd as his life.

Spir. Alas good ventrous youth,
I love thy courage yet, and bold Emprise,
But here thy sword can do thee little stead,
Farr other arms, and other weapons must
Be those that quell the might of hellish charms,
He with his bare wand can unthred thy joynts,
And crumble all thy sinews.

Eld. Bro. Why prethee Shepherd .
How durst thou then thy self approach so neer
As to make this relation ?

Spir. Care and utmost shifts
How to secure the Lady from surprisal,
Brought to my mind a certain Shepherd Lad
Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd
In every vertuous plant and healing herb
That spreads her verdant leaf to th'morning ray,
He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing,
Which when I did, he on the tender grass
Would sit, and hearken even to extasie,
And in requitall ope his leather'n scrip,
And shew me simples of a thousand names
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties ;

Amongst

Amongst the rest a small unsightly roor,
 But of divine effect, he cull'd me out ;
 The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
 But in another Countrey, as he said,
 Bore a bright golden flowre, but not in this soyl :
 Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swayn
 Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon,
 And yet more med'cinal is it then that *Moly*
 That *Hermes* once to wise *Ulysses* gave ;
 He call'd it *Hæmony*, and gave it me,
 And bad me keep it as of sovran use
 'Gainst all inchantments, mildew blast, or damp
 Or gastly furies apparition ;
 I purs't it up, but little reck'ning made,
 Till now that this extremity compell'd,
 But now I find it true ; for by this means
 I knew the foul inchanter though disguis'd,
 Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,
 And yet came off : if you have this about you
 (As I will give you when we go) you may
 Boldly assault the necromancers hall ;
 Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood,
 And brandish't blade rush on him, break his glass,
 And shed the luscious liquor on the ground,

But cease his wand, though he and his curst crew
 Feirce signe of battail make, and menace high,
 Or like the sons of *Vulcan* vomit fimoak,
 Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

Eld. Bro. *Thyrsis* lead on apace, Ile follow thee,
 And som good angel bear a sheild before us.

*The Scene changes to a stately Palace, set out with
 all manner of deliciousness: soft Musick, Tables
 spread with all dainties. Comus appears with his
 rabble, and the Lady set in an enchanted Chair, to
 whom he offers his Glass, which she puts by, and
 goes about to rise.*

Comus. Nay Lady sit; if I but wave this wand,
 Your nervs are all chain'd up in Alablaster,
 And you a statue; or as *Daphne* was
 Root-bound, that fled *Apollo*,

La. Fool do not boast,
 Thou canst not touch the freedom of my minde
 Withall thy charms, although this corporal rinde
 Thou haste immanacl'd, while Heav'n sees good.

Co. Why are you vext Lady? why do you frown?
 Here dwel no frowns, nor anger, from these gates
 Sorrow flies farr: See here be all the pleasures
 That fancy can beget on youthfull thoughts,

When

When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
Brisk as the *April* buds in Primrose-season.

And first behold this cordial Julep here
That flames, and dances in his crystal bounds
With spirits of balm, and fragrant Syrops mixt.
Not that *Nepenthes* which the wife of *Thone*,

In *Egypt* gave to *Jove-born Helena*
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.

Why should you be so cruel to your self,
And to those dainty limms which nature lent
For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?

But you invert the cov'nants of her trust,
And harshly deal like an ill borrower

With that which you receiv'd on other terms, !

Scorning the unexempt condition

By which all mortal frailty must subsist,

Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,

That have been tir'd all day without repast,

And timely rest have wanted, but fair Virgin

This will restore all soon.

La. 'Twill not false traitor,

'Twill not restore the truth and honesty

That thou hast banish't from thy tongue with lies,

Was

Was this the cottage, and the safe abode
 Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these,
 These oughly-headed Monsters? Mercy guard me!
 Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver,
 Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence
 With visor'd falsehood, and base forgery,
 And wouldst thou seek again to trap me here
 With lickerish baits fit to ensnare a brute?
 Were it a draft for *Juno* when she banquets,
 I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none
 But such as are good men can give good things,
 And that which is not good, is not delicious
 To a wel-govern'd and wise appetite.

Co. O foolishnes of men! that lend their ears
 To those budge doctors of the *Stoick* Furr,
 And fetch their precepts from the *Cynick* Tub,
 Praising the lean and fallow Abstinence.
 Wherefore did Nature powre her bounties forth,
 With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
 Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
 Thronging the Seas with spawn innumerable,
 But all to please, and sate the curious taste?
 And set to work millions of spinning Worms,
 That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk

To

To deck her Sons, and that no corner might
 Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loyns
 She hutch't th'all-worshipt ore, and precious gems
 To store her children with ; if all the world
 Should in a pet of temperance feed on Pulse,
 Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but Freize,
 Th'all-giver would be unthank't, would be unprais'd,
 Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd ,
 And we should serve him as a grudging master,
 As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
 And live like Natures bastards, not her sons,
 Who would be quite surcharg'd with her own weight,
 And strangl'd with her waste fertility ;
 Th'earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark't with plumes,
 The herds would over-multitude their Lords,
 The Sea o'refraught would swell, & th'unfought diamonds
 Would so emblaze the forehead of the Deep,
 And so bestudd with Stars, that they below
 Would grow inur'd to light, and com at last
 To gaze upon the Sun with shameless brows.
 Lift Lady be not coy, and be not cosen'd
 With that same vaunted name Virginity,
 Beauty is natures coyn, must not be hoorded,
 But must be currant, and the good thereof

Consists in mutual and partak'n blifs,
 Unfavoury in th'injoyment of it self
 If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
 It withers on the stalk with languish't head.
 Beauty is natures brag, and must be shown
 In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities
 Where most may wonder at the workmanship ;
 It is for homely features to keep home,
 They had their name thence ; course complexions
 And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply
 The sampler, and to teize the hufwifes wooll.
 What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that
 Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the Morn ?
 There was another meaning in these gifts ,
 Think what, and be adviz'd, you are but young yet.

Lc. I had not thought to have unlockt my lips
 In this unhallow'd air, but that this Jugler
 Would think to charm my judgement, as mine eyes
 Obtruding false rules pranckt in reasons garb.
 I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
 And vertue has no tongue to check her pride :
 Impostor do not charge most innocent nature,
 As if she would her children should be riotous
 With her abundance, she good caterefs

Means her provision onely to the good
 That live according to her sober laws,
 And holy dictate of spare Temperance :
 If every just man that now pines with want
 Had but a moderate and beſeeming ſhare,
 Of that which lewdly-pamper'd Luxury
 Now heaps upon ſom few with vaſt exceſs,
 Natures full bleſſings would be well diſpenc't
 In unſuperfluous eeven propoꝛtion,
 And ſhe no whit encomber'd with her ſtore,
 And then the giver would be better thank't,
 His praiſe due paid, for ſwiniſh gluttony
 Ne're looks to Heav'n amidſt his gorgeous feaſt,
 But with beſotted baſe ingratitude
 Crammas, and blaſphemes his feeder. Shall I go on ?
 Or have I ſaid enough ? To him that dares
 Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
 Againſt the Sun-clad power of Chaſtity,
 Fain would I ſomthing ſay, yet to what end ?
 Thou haſt nor Eare, nor Soul to apprehend
 The ſublime notion, and high myſtery
 That muſt be utter'd to unfold the ſage
 And ſerious doctrine of Virginity,
 And thou art worthy that thou ſhouldeſt not know

More

More happines then this thy present lot.
 Enjoy your deer Wit, and gay Rhetorick
 That hath so well been taught her dazling fence,
 Thou art not fit to hear thy self convinc't ;
 Yet should I try, the uncontrouled worth
 Of this pure cause would kindle my rap't spirits
 To such a flame of sacred vehemence,
 That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,
 And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
 Till all thy magick structures rear'd so high,
 Were shatter'd into heaps o're thy false head.

Co. She fables not, I feel that I do fear
 Her words set off by som superior power ;
 And though not mortal , yet a cold shuddring dew
 Dips me all o're, as when the wrath of *Jove*
 Speaks thunder, and the chains of *Erebus*
 To som of *Saturns* crew. I must dissemble,
 And try her yet more strongly. Com, no more,
 This is meer moral babble, and direct
 Against the canon laws of our foundation ;
 I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but the lees
 And setlings of a melancholy blood ;
 But this will cure all streight, one sip of this
 Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
 Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste,----

*The Brothers rush in with Swords drawn, wrest his
Glas out of his hand, and break it against the
ground; his rout make signe of resistance, but
are all driven in; The attendant Spirit comes
in.*

Spir. What, have you let the false enchanter scape ?

○ ye mistook, ye should have snatcht his wand
And bound him fast; without his rod revers't,
And backward mutters of dissevering power,
We cannot free the Lady that sits here
In stony fetters fixt, and motionless;
Yet stay, be not disturb'd, now I bethink me,
Som other means I have which may be us'd;
Which once of *Melibæus* old I learnt
The soothest Shepherd that ere pip't on plains.

There is a gentle Nymph not farr from hence,
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,
Sabrina is her name, a Virgin pure,
Whilom she was the daughter of *Lochrine*,
That had the Scepter from his father *Brute*.
She guiltless damsell flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged stepdam *Guendolen*,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood
That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course,

The

The water Nymphs that in the bottom plaid,
 Held up their pearled wrists and took her in,
 Bearing her straight to aged *Nereus* Hall,
 Who piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
 And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
 In nectar'd lavers strew'd with *Asphodil*,
 And through the porch and inlet of each sense
 Dropt in Ambrosial Oils till she reviv'd,
 And underwent a quick immortal change
 Made Goddess of the River; still she retains
 Her maid'n gentlenes, and oft at Eeve
 Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
 Helping all urchin blasts, and ill luck signes
 That the shrewd meddling Elfe delights to make,
 Which she with pretious viold liquors heals.
 For which the Shepherds at their festivals
 Carrol her goodnes lowd in rustick layes,
 And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
 Of pancies, pinks, and gaudy *Daffadils*.
 And, as the old Swain said, she can unlock
 The clasping charm, and thaw the numming spell,
 If she be right invok't in warbled Song,
 For maid'nhood she loves, and will be swift
 To aid a Virgin, such as was her self

In hard besetting need, this will I try
And adde the power of som adjuring verse.

S O N G.

Sabrina fair

Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassie, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of Lillies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair,
Listen for dear honours sake,
Goddeffs of the silver lake,
Listen and save.

Listen and appear to us
In name of great *Oceanus*,
By the earth-shaking *Neptune's* mace,
And *Tethys* grave majestick pace,
By hoary *Nereus* wrinckled look,
And the *Carpathian* wifards hook,
By scaly *Tritons* winding shell,
And old sooth-saying *Glaucus* spell,
By *Leucothea's* lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands,
By *Thetis* tinsel slipper'd feet,
And the Songs of *Sirens* sweet,

By dead *Parthenope's* dear tomb,
 And fair *Ligea's* golden comb,
 Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks
 Sleeking her soft alluring locks,
 By all the *Nymphs* that nightly dance
 Upon thy streams with wily glance,
 Rise, rise, and heave thy rosie head
 From thy coral-pav'n bed,
 And bridle in thy headlong wave,
 Till thou our summons answer'd have.

Listen and save.

Sabrina rises, attended by water-Nymphes, and sings.

By the rusby-fringed bank,
 Where grows the *Willow* and the *Osier* dank,
 My sliding Chariot stays,
 Thick set with *Agat*, and the *azurn* sheen
 Of *Turkis* blew, and *Emrauld* green
 That in the channell strays,
 Whilst from off the waters flees
 Thus I set my printless feet
 O're the *Cowslips* Velvet head,
 That bends not as I tread,
 Gentle swain at thy request
 I am here:

Spir. Goddess dear

We implore thy powerful hand
To undoe the charmed band
Of true Virgin here distrest,
Through the force, and through the wile
Of unblest inchanter vile.

Sab. Shepherd 'tis my office best

To help insnared chastity ;
Brightest Lady look on me,
Thus I sprinkle on thy brest
Drops that from my fountain pure,
I have kept of pretious cure,
Thrice upon thy fingers tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip,
Next this marble venom'd seat
Smear'd with gumms of glutenous heat
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold,
Now the spell hath lost his hold ;
And I must haste ere morning hour
To wait in *Amphitrite's* bowr.

*Sabrina descends, and the Lady rises out
of her seat.*

Spir. Virgin, daughter of *Lochrine*

Sprung of old *Anchises* line,

May thy brimmed waves for this
 Their full tribute never miss
 From a thousand petty rills,
 That tumble down the snowy hills :
 Summer drouth, or singed air
 Never scorch thy tresses fair,
 Nor wet *Octobers* torrent flood
 Thy molten crystal fill with mudd,
 May thy billows rowl ashoar
 The beryl, and the golden ore,
 May thy lofty head be crown'd
 With many a tower and terrass round,
 And here and there thy banks upon
 With Groves of myrrhe, and cinnamon.

Com Lady while Heaven lends us grace,
 Let us fly this curst place,
 Left the Sorcerer us intice
 With som other new device.

Not a waste, or needles found
 Till we com to holier ground,
 I shall be your faithfull guide
 Through this gloomy covert wide,
 And not many furlongs thence
 Is your Fathers residence,

Where this night are met in state
 Many a friend to gratulate
 His wish't presence, and beside
 All the Swains that there abide,
 With Jiggs, and rural dance resort,
 We shall catch them at their sport,
 And our sudden coming there
 Will double all their mirth and chere ;
 Com let us haste, the Stars grow high,
 But night fits monarch yet in the mid sky.

*The Scene changes presenting Ludlow Town and
 the Presidents Castle , then com in Countrey-
 Dancers, after them the attendant Spirit, With
 the two Brothers and the Lady.*

SONG.

*Spir. Back Shepherds, back, anough your play,
 Till next Sun-shine holiday,
 Here be without duck or nod
 Other trippings to betrod
 Of lighter toes, and such Court guise
 As Mercury did first devise
 With the mincing Dryades
 On the Lawns, and on the Leas.*

This second Song presents them to their
father and mother.

*Noble Lord, and Lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight,
Here behold so goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own,
Heav'n hath timely tri'd their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth.
And sent them here through hard assays
With a crown of deathless Praise,
To triumph in victorious dance
O're sensual Folly, and Intemperance.*

The dances ended, the Spirit Epiloguizes.

*Spir. To the Ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that ly
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky :
There I suck the liquid ayr
All amidst the Gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree :
Along the crisped shades and bowres
Revels the spruce and jocond Spring,*

The Graces, and the roſie-boofom'd Howres,
Thither all their bounties bring,
That there eternal Summer dwels,
And Weſt winds, with muſky wing
About the cedar'n alleys fling
Nard, and *Caffia*'s balmy ſmels.
Iris there with humid bow,
Waters the odorous banks that blow
Flowers of more mingled hew
Then her purfl'd ſcarf can ſhew,
And drenches with *Elyſian* dew
(Liſt mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of *Hyacinth*, and roſes
Where young *Adonis* oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In ſlumber ſoft, and on the ground
Sadly ſits th' *Aſſyrian* Queen;
But farr above in ſpangled ſheen
Celeſtial *Cupid* her ſam'd Son advanc't,
Holds his dear *Psyche* ſweet intranc't
After her wandring labours long,
Till free conſent the gods among
Make her his eternal Bride,
And from her fair unſpotted ſide

Two blisful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy ; so *Jove* hath sworn.

But now my task is smoothly don,
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earths end,
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend,
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the Moon.

Mortals that would follow me,
Love vertue, she alone is free,
She can teach ye how to clime
Higher then the Spheary chime;
Or if Vertue feeble were,
Heav'n it self would stoop to her.



The End.

Joannis Miltoni

LONDINENSIS

POEMAT A.

Quorum pleraque intra
Annum ætatis Vigesium
Conscripsit.

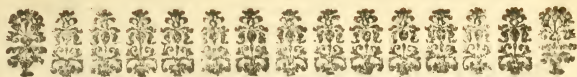
Nunc primum Edita.




LONDINI,

Typis R. R. Prostant ad Insignia Principis,
in Cœmeterio D. Pauli, apud Humphredum
Moseley. 1645.






 Hæc quæ sequuntur de Autho-
 re testimonia, tametsi ipse
 intelligebat non tam de se
 quàm supra se esse dicta, eò
 quòd preclaro ingenio viri,
 nec non amici ita fere solent laudare, ut
 omnia suis potius virtutibus, quàm veritati
 congruentia nimis cupidè affingant, no-
 luit tamen horum egregiam in se volun-
 tatem non esse notam; Cum alii præfer-
 tim ut id faceret magnopere suaderent.
 Dum enim nimix laudis invidiam totis ab
 se viribus amolitur, sibi que quod plus
 æquo est non attributum esse mavult, ju-
 dicium interim hominum cordatorum at-
 que illustrium quin summo sibi honori
 ducat, negare non potest.

*Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio
Villensis Neapolitanus ad Joannem
Miltonium Anglum.*

UT mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,
Non Anglus, verùm herclè Angelus ipse fores:

*Ad Joannem Miltonem Anglum tri-
plici poeseos laureâ coronandum Græcâ nimi-
rum, Latinâ, atque Hetruscâ, Epi-
gramma Joannis Salsilli Romani.*

CEde Meles, cedat depressa Mincius urna ;
Sebetus Tassum desinat usque loqui ;
At Thamefis victor cunctis ferat altior undas
Nam per te Milto par tribus unus erit.

Ad Joannem Miltonum.

GRæcia Mæonidem, jactet sibi Roma Maronem,
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.

Selvaggi.

*Al Signor Gio. Miltoni Nobile
Inglese.*

ODE.

E *Rgimi all' Etra ò Clio
Perche di stelle intreccierò corona*

Non più del Biondo Dio

La Fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicon,

Dienfi a merto maggior, maggiori i fregi,

A' celeste virtù celesti pregi.

Non può del tempo edace

Rimaner preda, eterno alto valore,

Non può l'oblio rapace

Furar dalle memorie eccelsa onore,

Su l'arco di mia cetra un dardo forte

Virtù m'adatti, e ferirò la morte.

Del Ocean profondo

Cinta dagli ampi gorgi Anglia risiede

Separata dal mondo,

Però che il suo valor l'umano eccede :

Questa seconda sà produrre Eroi,

Ch' hanno a ragion del sovrumano tra noi.

Alla virtù sbandita

Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetta,

Quella gli è sol gradita,

Perche in lei san trovar gioia, e diletto ;

Ridillo tu Giovanni e mostra in tanto

Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio Canto.

Lungi dal Patrio lido

Spinse Zeus l'industre ardente brama ;

Ch' udio d' Helena il grido

Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,

E per poterla effigiare al paro

Dalle più belle Idee trasse il priù raro.

Così l' Ape Ingegnosa

Trae con industria il suo liquor pregiato

Dal giglio e dalla rosa,

E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato ;

Formano un dolce suon diverse Chorde,

Fan varie voci melodia concorde.

Di bella gloria amante

Milton dal Giel natò per varie parti

*Le peregrine piante
 Volgesti a ricercar scienze, ed arti;
 Del Gallo regnator vedesti i Regni,
 E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi piu degni.*

*Fabro quasi divino
 Sol virtù rintracciando il tuo pensiero
 Vide in ogni confino
 Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero;
 L' ottimo dal miglior dopo sceglia
 Per fabbricar d' ogni virtù l' Idea.*

*Quanti nacquero in Flora
 O in lei del parlar Tosco appreser l' arte,
 La cui memoria onora
 Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,
 Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro,
 E parlasti con lor nell' opre loro.*

*Nell' altera Babelle
 Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,
 Che per varie favelle
 Di se stessa trofeo cadde su'l piano:*

*Ch' Ode oltr' all' Anglia il suo piu degno Idioma
Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia e Roma.*

I piu profondi arcani

Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra

Ch' à Ingegni sovrumani

Troppo avara tal' har gli chiude, e serra,

Chiaramente conosci, e giungi al fine

Della moral virtude al gran confine.

Non batta il Tempo l'ale,

Fermisi immoto, e in un ferminsi gl'anni,

Che di virtù immortale

Scorron di troppa ingiuriosi a i danni ;

Che s'opre degne di Poema o storia

Furon già, l'hai presenti alla memoria,

Dammi tua dolce Cetra

Se vuoi ch'io dica del tuo dolce canto,

Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra

Di farti huomo celeste ottiene il vanto,

Il Tamigi il dirà che gl'è concesso

Per te suo cigno parccgiar Permessso.

Io che in riva del Arno

Tento spiegar tuo merito alto, e preclaro

So che fatica indarno,

E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo ;

Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core

Che ti prende a lodar con lo stupore.

Del sig. Antonio Francini gentilhuomo

Fiorentino.



Foanni



JOANNI MILTONI

LONDINIENSI.

Juveni Patria, virtutibus eximio,

Viro qui multa peregrinatione, studio cuncta orbis terrarum loca perspexit, ut novus Ulysses omnia ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet.

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguae jam deperditae sic reviviscunt, ut idiomata omnia sint in ejus laudibus infacunda; Et jure ea percallet ut admirationes & plausus populorum ab propria sapientia excitatos, intelligat.

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporisque, sensus ad admirationem commovent, & per ipsam motum cuique auferunt; cujus opera ad plausus hortantur, sed vastitate vocem laudatoribus adimunt.

Cui in Memoria totus Orbis: In intellectu Sapientia. in voluntate ardor gloriae. in ore Eloquentia: Harmoni cos celestium Sphaerarum sonitus Astronomia Duce audienti, Characteres mirabilium naturae per quos Dei magnitudo describitur magistra Philosophia legenti; Antiquitatum latebras, vetustatis excidia, eruditionis ambages comite assidua autorum Lectione.

Exquirenti, restauranti, percurrenti.

At cur nitor in arduum?

Illi in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora Famae non sufficiant, nec hominum stupor in laudandis satis est, Reverentiae & amoris. ergo hoc ejus meritis debitum admirationis tributum offert Carolus Datus Patricius Florentinus.

Tanto homini servus, tantae virtutis amator.

Elegiarum



ELEGIARUM

Liber primus.

Elegia prima ad *Carolus Diodatum*.



Andem, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,

Pertulit & voces nuntia charta tuas,

Pertulit occiduâ Devæ Cestrensis ab orâ

Vergivium prono quâ petit amne salum.

Multùm crede juvat terras aluisse remotas

Pectus amans nostri, tamque fidele caput,

Quòdque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua sodalem

Debet, atunde brevi reddere jussa velit.

Me tenet urbs reflûâ quam Thamesis alluit undâ,

Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet,

Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revifere Camum,

Nec dudum vetiti melaris angit amor.

Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles.

Quàm male Phœbicolis convenit ille locus !

Nec duri libet usque minas perferre magistri

Cæteraque ingenio non subeunda meo,

Si sit hoc exilium patrios adiisse penates,

Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,

Non ego vel profugi nomen, fortemve recuso,

Latus & exilii conditione fruor.

O utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset

Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro ;

Non tunc Jonio quicquam cessisset Homero

Neve foret victo laus tibi prima Maro.

Tempora nam licet hinc placidis dare libera Musis,

Et totum rapiunt me mea vita libri.

Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,

Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos.

Seu catus auditur senior, seu prodigus hæres,

Seu procus, aut positâ casside miles adest,

Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus

Detonat inculto barbara verba foro,

Sæpe vaser gnato succurrit servus amanti,

Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique Patris ;

Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores

Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit, amat.

Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragoedia sceptrum

Quassat, & effusis crinibus ora rotat,

Et dolet, & specto, juvat & spectasse dolendo,

Interdum & lacrymis dulcis amaror inest :

Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit

Gaudia, & abrupto flendus amore cadit,

Seu ferus e tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor

Conscia funereo pectora torre movens,

Seu mæret Pelopeia domus, seu nobilis Ili,

Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos.

Sed neque sub tecto semper nec in urbe latemus,

Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.

Nos quoque lucus habet vicinâ confitus ulmo

Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci.

Sæpius hic blandas spirantia sydera flammæ

Virgineos videas præteriisse choros.

Ah quoties dignæ stupui miracula formæ

Quæ posset senium vel reparare Iovis;

Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas,

Atque faces quotquot volvit uterque polus;

Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,

Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via,

Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,

Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor.

Pellacesque genas, ad quas hyacinthina sordet

Purpura, & ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor.

Cedite laudatæ toties Heroides olim,

Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem.

Cedite

Cedite Achæmeniaæ turritâ fronte puellæ,
 Et quot Sufa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon.
 Vos etiam Danaæ fasces submitтите Nymphæ,
 Et vos Iliacæ, Romuleæque nurus.
 Nec Pompeianas Tarpëia Musa columnas
 Jaçtet, & Aufoniis plena theatra stolis.
 Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis,
 Extera sat tibi sit foemina posse sequi.
 Tuque urbs Dardaniis Londinum structa colonis
 Turrigerum latè conspicienda caput,
 Tu nimium felix intra tua moenia claudis
 Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.
 Non tibi tot cælo scintillant astra sereno
 Endymioneæ turba ministra dex,
 Quot tibi conspicuæ formæque auróque puellæ
 Per medias radiant turba videnda vias.
 Creditur huc geminis venisse invec̃ta columbis
 Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus,
 Huic Cnidon, & riguas Simoentis flumine valles,
 Huic Paphon, & roseam posthabitura Cypron.
 Ast ego, dum pueri finit indulgentia cæci,
 Moenia quàm subitò relinquere fausta paro ;
 Et vitare procul malefidæ infamia Circes
 Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.

Stat quoque juncosas Cami remeare paludes,
 Atque iterum rauca murmur adire Scholæ.
 Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,
 Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

Elegia secunda, Anno ætatis 17.

In obitum Præconis Academici Cantabrigiensis.

TE, qui conspicuus baculo fulgente solebas
 Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,

Ultima præconum præconem te quoque sæva
 Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo.

Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis
 Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem,

O dignus tamen Hæmonio juvenescere sueco,
 Dignus in Æsonios vivere posse dies,

Dignus quem Stygiis medicâ revocaret ab undis
 Arte Coronides, sæpe rogante dea.

Tu si jussus eras acies accire togatas,

Et celer a Phœbo nuntius ire tuo

Talis in Iliacâ stabat Cyllenius aula

Alipes, æthereâ missus ab arce Patris.

Talis & Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei
 Rettulit Atridæ jussa severa ducis.
 Magna sepulchrorum regina, fatelles Averni
 Sæva nimis Musis, Palladi sæva nimis,
 Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ,
 Turba quidem est telis ista petenda tuis.
 Vestibus hunc igitur pullis Academia luge,
 Et madeant lachrymis nigra feretra tuis.
 Fundat & ipsa modos querebunda Elegiæ tristes,
 Personet & totis nænia mœsta scholis.

Elegia tertia, Anno ætatis 17.

In obitum Præsulis Wintoniensis.

Mœstus eram, & tacitus nullo comitante sedebam,
 Hærebantque animo tristitia plura meo,
 Protinus en subiit funestæ cladis imago
 Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina solo;
 Dum procerum ingressa est splendentes marmore turres
 Dira sepulchrali mors metuenda face;
 Pulsavitque auro gravidos & jaspide muros,
 Nec metuit satrapum sternere falce greges.
 Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratrisque verendi
 Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis.

Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad athera raptos,
 Flevit & amissos Belgia tota duces.
 At te præcipuè luxi dignissime præsul,
 Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuæ;
 Delicui fletu, & tristi sic ore querebar,
 Mors fera Tartareo diva secunda Jovi,
 Nonne satis quod sylva tuas persentiat iras,
 Et quod in herbosos jus tibi detur agros,
 Quodque affata tuo marcescant lilia tabo,
 Et crocus, & pulchræ Cypridi sacra rosa,
 Nec finis ut semper fluvio contermina quercus
 Miretur lapsus prætereuntis aquæ ?
 Et tibi succumbit liquido quæ plurima cælo
 Evehitur pennis quamlibet augur avis,
 Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia sylvis,
 Et quod alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus,
 Invida, tanta tibi cum fit concessa potestas,
 Quid juvat humanâ tingere cæde manus ?
 Nobileque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas,
 Semideamque animam sede fugâsse suâ ?
 Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo,
 Rescidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,
 Et Tartessiacò submerferat æquore currum
 Phoebus ab eò littore mensus iter.

Nec mora, membra cavo posui refovenda cubili,
 Condiderant oculos noxque soporque meos.
 Cum mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro,
 Heu nequit ingenium visa referre meum.
 Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,
 Ut matutino cum juga sole rubent.
 Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia proles,
 Vestitu nituit multicolore solum.
 Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos
 Alcinoi, Zephyro Chloris amata levi.
 Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos,
 Ditiôr Hesperio flavet arena Tago.
 Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,
 Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis.
 Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris
 Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus.
 Ipse racemiferis dum densis vitibus umbras
 Et pelluentes miror ubique locos,
 Ecce mihi subito præsul Wintonius astat,
 Sydereum nitido fulsit in ore jubar;
 Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos,
 Infula divinum cinxerat alba caput.
 Dumque senex tali incedit venerandus amictu,
 Intremuit læto florea terra sono.

Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cælestia pennis,
 Pura triumphali personat æthra tubâ.
 Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque salutat;
 Hosque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos;
 Nate veni, & patrii felix cape gaudia regni,
 Semper ab hinc duro, nate, labore vaca.
 Dixit, & aligeræ tetigerunt nablia turmæ,
 At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulia quies.
 Flebam turbatos Cephaleiâ pellice somnos,
 Talia contingant somnia sæpe mihi.

Elegia quarta. Anno ætatis 18.

*Ad Thomam Junium præceptorem
 suum apud mercatores Anglicos Hamburgæ
 agentes Pastoris munere fungentem.*

Curre per immensum subitò mea littera pontum;
 I, pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agros,
 Segnes rumpe moras, & nil, precor, obstat eunti,
 Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.
 Ipse ego Sicanio frænantem carcere ventos
 Æolon, & virides sollicitabo Deos;
 Cæruleamque suis comitatam Dorida Nymphis,
 Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.

At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi fume jugales,
 Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri.
 Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras
 Gratus Eleusinâ missus ab urbe puer.
 Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas
 Ditis ad Hamburgæ mœnia flecte gradum,
 Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ,
 Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci.
 Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore
 Præsul Christicolas pascere doctus oves;
 Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nostræ,
 Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego.
 Hei mihi quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti
 Me faciunt aliâ parte carere mei!
 Charior ille mihi quam tu doctissime Graium
 Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat.
 Quâmpque Stagirites generoso magnus alumno,
 Quem peperit Libyco Chaonis alma Jovi.
 Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyræius Heros
 Myrmidonum regi, talis & ille mihi.
 Primus ego Aonios illo præeunte recessus
 Lustrabam, & bifidi sacra vireta jugi,
 Pieriosque hausi latices, Clioque favente,
 Castalio sparsi lata ter ora mero.

Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis Æthon,
 Induxitque auro lanea terga novo,
 Bisque novo terram sparsisti Chlorigenilem
 Gramine, bisque tuas abstulit Auster opes :
 Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,
 Aut linguæ dulces aure bibisse sonos.
 Vade igitur, cursuque Eurum præverte sonorum,
 Quam sit opus monitis res docet, ipsa vides.
 Invenies dulci cum conjuge forte sedentem,
 Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo,
 Forsitan aut veterum prælarga volumina patrum
 Versantem, aut veri biblia sacra Dei.
 Cælestive animas saturantem rore tenellas,
 Grande salutiferæ religionis opus.
 Utque solet, multam, sit dicere cura salutem,
 Dicere quam decuit, si modo adesset, herum.
 Hæc quoque paulum oculos in humum defixa modestos,
 Verba verecundo sis memor ore loqui :
 Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter prælia Musis
 Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.
 Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit sera, salutem
 Fiat & hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.
 Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta recepit
 Icaris a lento Penelopeia viro.

Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,

Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit.

Arguitur tardus meritò, noxamque fatetur,

Et pudet officium deseruisse suum.

Tu modò da veniam fasso, veniamque roganti,

Crimina diminui, quæ patuere, solent.

Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes,

Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.

Sæpe farißiferi crudelia pectora Thracis

Supplicis ad mœstas deliquere preces.

Extensaque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,

Placat & iratos hostia parva Deos.

Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,

Neve moras ultra ducere passus Amor.

Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum !

In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis,

Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite cingi,

Et jam Saxonicos arma parasse duces.

Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo,

Et fata carne virum jam cruor arva rigat.

Germanisque suum concessit Thracia Martem,

Illuc Odryfios Mars pater egit equos.

Perpetuòque comans jam deflorescit oliva,

Fugit & ærisonam Diya perosa tubam,

Fugit

Fugit io terris, & jam non ultima virgo.

Creditur ad superas iusta volasse domos.

Te tamen interea belli circumsonat horror,

Vivis & ignoto solus inopsque solo;

Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates

Sede peregrinâ quæris egenus opem.

Patria dura parens, & faxis sævior albis

Spumea quæ pulsat littoris unda tui,

Siccine te decet innocuos exponere fatus,

Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum,

Et finis ut terris quærant alimenta remotis

Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,

Et qui lata ferunt de cælo nuntia, quique

Quæ via post cineres ducat ad astra, docent?

Digna quidem Stygiis quæ vivas clausa tenebris,

Æternâque animæ digna perire fame!

Haud aliter vates terræ Thesbitidis olim

Pressit inassueto devia tesqua pede,

Desertasque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achabi

Effugit atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus.

Talis & horrifono laceratus membra flagello,

Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix.

Piscesque ipsum Gergessæ civis Jesum

Finibus ingratus jussit abire suis.

At tu sume animos, nec spes cadat anxia curis
 Nec tua concutiat decolor ossa metus.
 Sis eteniā quamvis fulgentibus obfitus armis,
 Intententque tibi millia tela necem,
 At nullis vel inermis latus violabitur armis,
 Deque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet.
 Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide tutus,
 Ille tibi custos, & pugil ille tibi;
 Ille Sionæ qui tot sub moenibus arcis
 Assurtos fudit nocte silente viros,
 Inque fugara vertit quos in Samaritidas oras
 Misit ab antiquis prisca Damascus agris,
 Terruit & densas pavidum cum rege cohortes,
 Aere dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,
 Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,
 Currus arenosam dum quatit actus humum,
 Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentium,
 Et strepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virum.
 Et tu (quod superest miseri) sperare memento,
 Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala.
 Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,
 Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares.

Elegia quinta, Anno ætatis 20.

In adventum veris.

IN se perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro
 Jam revocat Zephyros vere tepente novos.
 Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,
 Jamque soluta gelu dulce virescit humus.
 Fallor ? an & nobis redeunt in carmina vires,
 Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest ?
 Munere veris adest, iterumque vigescit ab illo
 (Quis putet) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus.
 Castalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen oberrat,
 Et mihi Pyrenen somnia nocte ferunt.
 Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,
 Et furor, & sonitus me sacer intùs agit.
 Delius ipse venit, video Penëide lauro
 Implicitos crines, Delius ipse venit.
 Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cœli,
 Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo.
 Perque umbras, perque antra feror penetralia vatum,
 Et mihi fana patent interiora Deùm.
 Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,
 Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos.

Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore ?

Quid parit hæc rabies, quid sacer iste furor ?

Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo ;

Profuerint isto reddita dona modo.

Jam Philomela tuos foliis adoperta novellis

Instituis modulos, dum filet omne nemus.

Urbe ego, tu sylvâ simul incipiamus utrique,

Et simul adventum veris uterque canat.

Veris io rediere vices, celebremus honores

Veris, & hoc subeat Musa quotannis opus.

Jam sol Æt iopas fugiens Tithoniaque arva,

Fleat ad Arctöas aurea lora plagas.

Est breve noctis iter, brevis est mora noctis opacæ

Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis.

Jamque Lycaonius plaustrum cæleste Boötes

Non longâ sequitur fessus ut ante viâ,

Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria toto

Excubias agitant sydera rara polo.

Nam dolus, & cædes, & vis cum nocte recessit,

Neve Giganteum Dii timuere scelus.

Forte aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor,

Roscida cum primo sole rubescit humus,

Hac, ait, hac certè caruisti nocte puellâ

Phoebe tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos.

Lata suas repetit sylvas, pharetramque resumit

Cynthia, Luciferas ut videt alta rotas,

Et tenues ponens radios gaudere videtur

Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.

Desere, Phœbus ait, thalamos Aurora seniles,

Quid juvat effœto procubuisse toro ?

Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herba,

Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.

Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,

Et matutinos ocyus urget equos.

Exiit invisam Tellus rediviva senectam,

Et cupit amplexus Phœbe subire tuos;

Et cupit, & digna est, quid enim formosius illâ,

Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosa sinus,

Atque Arabum spirat messes, & ab ore venusto

Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma rosis.

Ecce coronatur sacro frons ardua luco,

Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim;

Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,

Floribus & visa est posse placere suis.

Floribus effusos ut erat redimita capillos

Tænario placuit diva Sicana Deo.

Aspice Phœbe tibi faciles hortantur amores,

Mellitæque movent flamina verna preces.

Cinnamêa Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alâ,
Blanditiâsque tibi ferre videntur aves.

Nec sine dote tuos temeraria quarit amores

Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros,
Alma salutiferum medicos tibi gramen in usus
Præbet, & hinc titulos adjuvat ipsa tuos.

Quòd si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt
Munera, (muneribus sæpe coemptus Amor)

Illa tibi ostentat quascunque sub æquore vasto,
Et superinjectis montibus abdit opes.

Ah quoties cum tu clivoso fessus O lympo
In vespertinas præcipitaris aquas,

Cur te, inquit, cursu languentem Phœbe diurno
Hesperiiis recipit Cærule mater aquis?

Quid tibi cum Tethy? Quid cum Tartesside lymphâ,
Dia quid immundo perluis ora salo?

Frigora Phœbe meâ melius captabis in umbrâ,
Huc ades, ardentes imbue rore comas.

Mollior egelidâ veniet tibi somnus in herbâ,
Huc ades, & gremio lumina pone meo.

Quâque jaces circum mulcebit lene susurrans
Aura per humentes corpora fusa rosas.

Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semelêia fata,
Nec Phæton téo fumidus axis equo;

Cum tu Phœbe tuo sapientius uteris igni,
 Huc ades & gremio lumina pone meo.
 Sic Tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores ;
 Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt.
 Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,
 Languentesque foveat solis ab igne faces.
 Insonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,
 Triste micant ferro tela corusca novo.
 Jamque vel invictam tentat superasse Dianam,
 Quæque sedet sacro Vesta pudica foco.
 Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annua formam,
 Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.
 Marmoreas juvenes clamant Hymenæe per urbes,
 Littus io Hymen, & cava fæxa sonant.
 Cultior ille venit tunicâque decentior aptâ,
 Puniceum redolet vestis odora crocum.
 Egrediturque frequens ad amœni gaudia veris
 Virgineas auro cincta puella sinus.
 Votum est cuique suum, votum est tamen omnibus unum,
 Ut sibi quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum.
 Nunc quoque septenâ modulatur arundine pastor,
 Et sua quæ jungat carmina Phyllis habet.
 Navita nocturno placat sua fydera cantu,
 Delphinasque leves ad vada summa vocat.

Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,
 Convocat & famulos ad sua festa Deos.
 Nunc etiam Satyri cum fera crepuscula surgunt,
 Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro,
 Sylvanusque suâ Cyparissi fronde revinctus,
 Semicaperque Deus, semideusque caper.
 Quæque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis
 Per juga, per solos expatiantur agros.
 Per sata luxuriat fruticetaque Mænalius Pan,
 Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres,
 Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,
 Consulit in trepidos dum sibi Nympha pedes,
 Jamque latet, latitanisque cupit male tecta videri,
 Et fugit, & fugiens pervelit ipsa capi.
 Dii quoque non dubitant cælo præponere sylvas,
 Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet.
 Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto,
 Nec vos arboreâ dii precor ite domo.
 Te referant miseris te Jupiter aurea terris
 Sæcla, quid ad nimbos aspera tela redis?
 Tu saltem lentè rapidos age Phoebe jugales
 Quà potes, & sensim tempora veris eant.
 Brumaque productas tardè ferat hispida noctes,
 Ingruat & nostro serior umbra polo.

Elegia sexta.

*Ad Carolum Diodatum ruri commo-
rantem.*

*Qui cum idibus Decemb. scripsisset, & sua
carmina excusari postulasset si solius minus
essent bona, quòd inter lautitias quibus erat
ab amicis exceptus, haud satis felicem ope-
ram Musis dare se posse affirmabat, hunc
habuit responsum.*

Mitto tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,
Quâ tu distento forte carere potes.

At tua quid nostram prolestat Musa camœnam,

Nec finit optatas posse sequi tenebras ?

Carmine scire velis quàm te redamémque colámque,

Crede mihi vix hoc carmine scire queas.

Nam neque noster amor modulis includitur arctis,

Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes.

Quàm bene solennes epulas, hilaremque Decembriam

Festaque coelifugam quæ coluere Deum,

Deliciasque refers, hyberni gaudia ruris,

Haustraque per lepidos Gallica musta focos.

Quid quereris refugam vino dapibusque poësin ?

Carmen amat Bacchum, Carmina Bacchus amat.

Nec

Nec puduit Phœbum virides gestasse corymbos,
Atque hederam lauro præposuisse suæ.

Sæpius Aoniis clamavit collibus Euœ
Mista Thyonœo turba novena choro.

Naso Corallæis mala carmina misit ab agris :
Non illic epulæ non fata vitis erat.

Quid nisi vina, rosasque racemiferumque Lyæum
Cantavit brevibus Tëia Musa modis :

Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumesius Euan,
Et redolet sumptum pagina quæque merum.

Dum gravis everso currus crepat axe supinus,
Et volat Eléo pulvere fuscus eques.

Quadrismoque madens Lyricen Romanus Jaccho
Dulce canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen,

Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu,
Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet.

Massica foecundam despumant pocula venam,
Fundis & ex ipso condita metra cado.

Addimus his artes, fuscumque per intima Phœbum
Corda, favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.

Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te
Numine composito tres peperisse Deos.

Nunc quoque Thressa tibi cælato barbitos auro
Insonat argutâ molliter icta manu ;

Auditurque

Auditurque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,
 Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes.
 Illa tuas saltem teneant spectacula Musas,
 Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners.
 Crede mihi dum psallit ebur, comitataque plectrum
 Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos,
 Percipies tacitum per pectora serpere Phœbum,
 Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor,
 Perque puellares oculos digitumque sonantem
 Irruet in totos lapsa Thalia sinus.
 Namque Elegia levis multorum cura deorum est,
 Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos ;
 Liber adest elegis, Eratoque, Ceresque, Venusque,
 Et cum purpureâ matre tenellus Amor.
 Talibus inde licent convivia larga poetis,
 Sæpius & veteri commaduisse mero.
 At qui bella refert, & adulto sub Jove cælum,
 Heroasque pios, semideosque duces,
 Et nunc sancta canit superum consulta deorum,
 Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,
 Ille quidem parcè Samii pro more magistri
 Vivat, & innocuos præbeat herba cibos ;
 Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,
 Sobriaque è puro pocula fonte bibat.

Additur huic scelerisque vacans, & casta juvenus,

Et rigidi mores, & sine labe manus.

Qualis veste nitens sacrâ, & lustralibus undis

Surgis ad infensos augur iture Deos.

Hoc ritu vixisse ferunt post rapta sagacem

Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiumque Linon,

Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, senemque

Orpheon edomitis sola per antra feris ;

Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi potor Homerus

Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,

Et per monstrificam Perseïæ Phœbados aulam,

Et vada fœminicis insidiosa sonis,

Perque tuas rex ime domos, ubi sanguine nigro

Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges.

Diis etenim sacer est vates, divûmque sacerdos,

Spirat & occultum pectus, & ora Jovem.

At tu siquid agam, scitabere (si modò saltem

Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam)

Paciferum canimus cœlesti semine regem,

Fausta que sacratis sæcula pacta libris,

Vagitumque Dei, & stabulantem paupere tecto

Qui suprema suo cum patre regna colit.

Stelliparumque polum, modulantesque æthere turmas,

Et subitò elisos ad sua fana Deos.

Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illa,
 Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.
 Te quoque pressa manent patriis meditata cicutis,
 Tu mihi, cui recitem, iudicis instar eris.

Elegia septima, Anno ætatis undevigesimo.

Nondum blanda tuas leges Amathusia noram,
 Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.
 Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, sagittas,
 Atque tuum sprevi maxime, numen, Amor.
 Tu puer imbelles dixi transfige columbas,
 Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci.
 Aut de passeribus tumidos age, parve, triumphos;
 Hæc sunt militiæ digna trophæa tuæ.
 In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma?
 Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros.
 Non tulit hoc Cyprius, (neque enim Deus ullus ad iras
 Promptior) & duplici jam ferus igne calet.
 Ver erat, & summa radians per culmina villæ
 Attulerat primam lux tibi Maie diem:
 At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem
 Nec matutinum sustinuerere jubar.

Astat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis,
 Prodidit astantem mota pharetra Deum :
 Prodidit & facies, & dulce minantis ocelli,
 Et quicquid puero, dignum & Amore fuit.
 Talis in ærerno juvenis Sigeius Olympo
 Miscet amatori pocula plena Jovi ;
 Aut qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nymphas
 Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas ;
 Addideratque iras, sed & has decuisse putares,
 Addideratque truces, nec sine felle minas.
 Et miser exemplo sapiisses tutiùs, inquit,
 Nunc mea quid possit dextera testis eris.
 Inter & expertos vires numerabere nostras,
 Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem.
 Ipse ego si nescis strato Pythone superbum
 Edomui Phoebum, cessit & ille mihi ;
 Et quoties meminit Peneidos, ipse fatetur
 Certiùs & graviùs tela nocere mea.
 Me nequit adductum curvare peritiùs arcum,
 Qui post terga solet vincere Parthus eques.
 Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, & ille
 Inscius uxori qui necis author erat.
 Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,
 Herculeæque manus, Herculeusque comes.

Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,
 Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.
 Cætera quæ dubitas meliùs mea tela docebunt,
 Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.
 Nec te stulte tuæ poterunt defendere Musæ,
 Nectibi Phœbus porriget anguis opem.
 Dixit, & aurato quatiens mucrone sagittam,
 Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus.
 At mihi risuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,
 Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat.
 Et modò quæ nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites
 Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.
 Turba frequens, facièque simillima turba dearum
 Splendida per medias itque reditque vias.
 Auſtaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscat,
 Fallor? an & radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet.
 Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,
 Imperus & quò me fert juvenilis, agor.
 Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia misi,
 Neve oculos potui continuisse meos.
 Unam forte aliis supereminuisse notabam,
 Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.
 Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,
 Sic regina Deum conspicienda fuit.

Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido,
 Solus & hos nobis texuit antè dolos.
 Nec procul ipse vaser latuit, multæque sagittæ,
 Et facis a tergo grande pependit onus.
 Nec mora, nunc ciliis hæsit, nunc virginis ori,
 Infilit hinc labiis, infidet inde genis :
 Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,
 Hei mihi, mille locis pectus inerme ferit.
 Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores,
 Uror amans intus, flammaque totus eram.
 Interea misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat,
 Ablata est oculis non reditura meis.
 Ast ego progredior tacitè querebundus, & excors,
 Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedem.
 Findor, & hæc remanet, sequitur pars altera votum,
 Raptaque tam subito gaudia flere juvat.
 Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia coelum,
 Inter Lemniacos præcipitata focos.
 Talis & abreptum solem respexit, ad Orcum
 Vectus ab attonitis Amphiaræus equis.
 Quid faciam infelix, & luctu victus, amores
 Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi.
 O utinam spectare semel mihi detur amatos
 Vultus, & coram tristia verba loqui;

Forsitan & duro non est adamante creata,
 Forte nec ad nostras surdeat illa preces.
 Crede mihi nullus sic infeliciter arsit,
 Ponar in exemplo primus & unus ego.
 Parce precor teneri cum sis Deus ales amoris,
 Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.
 Jam tuus O certè est mihi formidabilis arcus,
 Nate deâ, jaculis nec minus igne potens:
 Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria donis,
 Solus & in superis tu mihi summus eris.
 Deme meos tandem, verùm nec deme furores,
 Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans:
 Tu modo da facilis, posthæc mea siqua futura est,
 Cuspis amatuos figat ut una duos.

HÆc ego mente olim lævâ, studioque supino
 Nequitia posui vana trophæa meæ.
 Scilicet abreptum sic me malus impulit error,
 Indocilisque ætas prava magistra fuit.
 Donec Socraticos umbrosa Academia rivos
 Præbuit, admissum dedocuitque jugum.
 Protinus extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,
 Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu.
 Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipse Sagittis,
 Et Diomedéam vim timet ipsa Venus.

In proditionem Bombardicam.

Cum simul in regem nuper satrapasque Britannos
 Ausus es infandum perfide Fauxe nefas,
 Fallor ? an & mitis voluisti ex parte videri,
 Et pensare malâ cum pietate scelus ;
 Scilicet hos alti missurus ad atria cæli,
 Sulphureo curru flammivolisque rotis.
 Qualiter ille feris caput inviolabile Parcis
 Liquit Jördanios turbine raptus agros.

In eandem.

Siccine tentasti cælo donâsse Jäcobum
 Quæ septemgemino Bellua monte lates ?
 Ni meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,
 Parce precor donis insidiosa tuis.
 Ille quidem sine te consortia ferus adivit
 Astra, nec inferni pulveris usus ope.
 Sic potiùs fœdos in cælum pelle cucullos,
 Et quot habet brutos Roma profana Deos.
 Namque hac aut aliâ nisi quemque adjuveris arte,
 Crede mihi cæli vix bene scandet iter.

In eandem.

Purgatorem animæ derisit Jäcobus ignem,
 Et sine quo superûm non adeunda domus.
 Frenduit hoc trinâ mônstrum Latiale coronâ
 Movit & horrificûm cornua dena minax.
 Et nec inultus ait temnes mea sacra Britanne,
 Supplicium spretâ relligione dabis.
 Et si stelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,
 Non nisi per flammâs triste patebit iter.
 O quàm funesto cecinisti proxima vero,
 Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis!
 Nam prope Tartareo sublimè rotatus ab igni
 Ibat ad æthereas umbra perusta plagas.

In eandem.

Quem modò Roma suis devoverat impia diris,
 Et Styge damnarât Tænarioque sinu,
 Hunc vice mutatâ jam tollere gestit ad astra,
 Et cupit ad superos evehere usque Deos.

In inventorem Bombardæ.

JApetionidem laudavit cæca vetustas,
 Qui tulit ætheream solis ab axe facem;

At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,
Et trifidum fulmen surripuisse Jovi.

Ad Leonoram Romæ canentem.

Angelus unicuique suus (sic credite gentes)
Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.
Quid mirum? Leonora tibi si gloria major,
Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum.
Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cœli
Pertua secretò guttura serpit agens;
Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda
Sensim immortalī assuescere posse sono.
Quòd si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque fusus,
In te unā loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

Ad eandem.

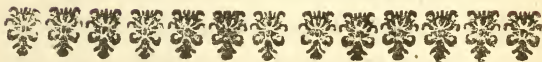
Altera Torquatum cepit Leonora Poëtam,
Cujus ab infano cessit amore furens.
Ah miser ille tuo quantò feliciùs ævo
Perditus, & propter te Leonora foret!
Et te Pieriâ sensisset voce canentem
Aurea maternæ fila movere lyræ,
Quamvis Diræo torsisset lumina Penthæo
Sævior, aut totus desipuiisset iners,

Tu tamen errâtes cæcâ vertigine sensus
 Voce eadem poteras composuisse tuâ ;
 Et poteras ægro spirans sub corde quietem
 Flexanimo cantu restituïsse sibi.

Ad eandem.

CRedula quid liquidam Sirena Neapoli jactas,
 Claraque Parthenopes fana Achelöiados,
 Littoreamque tuâ defunctam Naiada ripâ
 Corpora Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo ?
 Illa quidem vivitque, & amœnâ Tibridis undâ
 Mutavit rauci murmura Pausilipi.
 Illic Romulidûm studiis ornata secundis,
 Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos.

Elegiarum Finis.





Sylvarum Liber.

Anno ætatis 16. In obitum
Procancellarii medici.

P Arére fati discite legibus,
Manusque Parcæ jam date supplices,
Qui pendulum telluris orbem
Jäpeti colitis nepotes.

Vos si relicto mors vaga Tænaro
Semel vocârit flebilis, heu moræ
Tentantur incassum dolique ;
Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.
Si destinatam pellere dextera
Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules
Nessi venenatus cruore
Æmathiâ jacuisset Oetâ.

Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidæ
Vidisset occisum Ilion Hæctora, aut
Quem larva Pelidis peremit
Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante.

Si triste fatum verba Hecatæia
 Fugare possint, Telegoni parens
 Vixisset infamis, potentique
 Ægiali soror usa virgâ.

Numenque trinum fallere si queant
 Artes medentûm, ignotaque gramina,
 Non gnarus herbarum Machaon
 Eurypyli cecidisset hastâ.

Læsisset & nec te Philyreie
 Sagitta echidnæ perlita sanguine,
 Nec tela te fulmenque avitum
 Cæse puer genitricis alvo.

Tuque O alumno major Apolline,
 Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum,
 Frondosa quem nunc Cirrha luget,
 Et mediis Helicon in undis,

Jam præfuiſſes Palladio gregi
 Lætus, superſtes, nec ſine gloria,
 Nec puppe luſtraſſes Charontis
 Horribiles barathri reſſus.

At ſila rupit Perſephone tua
 Irata, cum te viderit artibus
 Succoque pollenti tot atris
 Faucibus eripuiſſe mortis.

Colende præses, membra precor tua
 Molli quiescant cespite, & ex tuo
 Crescant rosæ, calthæque busto,
 Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.
 Sit mite de te iudicium Æaci,
 Subrideatque Ætnæa Proserpina,
 Interque felices perennis
 Elysio spatiere campo.

In quintum Novembris, Anno
 ætatis 17.

J Am pius extremâ veniens Jäcobus ab arcto
 Teucrigenas populos, latèque patentia regnä
 Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabile fœdus
 Sceptra Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis :
 Pacificusque novo felix divesque sedebat
 In folio, occultique doli securus & hostis :
 Cum ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,
 Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympo,
 Forte per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,
 Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernasque fideles,
 Participes regni post funera mœsta futuros;
 Hic tempestates medio ciet aëre diras,

Illic

Illic unanimes odium fruit inter amicos,
 Armata & invictas in mutua viscera gentes;
 Regnaque olivifera vertit florentia pace,
 Et quoscunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,
 Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magister
 Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere pectus,
 Infidiasque locat tacitas, cassesque latentes
 Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, seu Caspia Tigris
 Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia prædara
 Nocte sub illuni, & somno nictantibus astris.
 Talibus infestat populos Summanus & urbes
 Cinctus cæruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ.
 Jamque fluentisonis albentia rupibus arva
 Apparent, & terra Deo dilecta marino,
 Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles
 Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem
 Æquore tranato furiali poscere bello,
 Ante expugnata crudelia sæcula Troiæ.

At simul hanc opibusque & festâ pace beatam
 Aspicit, & pingues donis Cerealibus agros,
 Quodque magis doluit, venerant em numina veri
 Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit
 Tartareos ignes & luridum olentia sulphur.
 Qualia Trinacriâ trux ab Jove clausus in Ætna

Efflat tabifico monstrosus ab ore Tiphœus.
 Ignescunt oculi, stridetque adamantinus ordo
 Dentis, ut armorum fragor, iſtaque cuspide cuspis.
 Atque pererrato solum hoc lacrymabile mundo
 Inveni, dixit, gens hæc mihi sola rebellis,
 Contemtrixque jugi, noſtrâque potentior arte.
 Illa tamen, mea ſi quicquam tentamina poſſunt,
 Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta,
 Haſtenus ; & piceis liquido natat aëre pennis ;
 Quâ volat, adverſi præcuſant agmine venti,
 Denſantur nubes, & crebra tonitrua fulgent.

Jamque pruinoſas velox ſuperâverat alpes,
 Et tenet Auſoniæ fines, à parte ſiniſtrâ
 Nimbifer Appenninus erat, priſciſque Sabini,
 Dextra veneficiis infamis Hetrutia, nec non
 Te furtiva Tibris Thetidi videt oſcula dantem ;
 Hinc Mavortigenæ conſiſtit in arce Quirini.
 Reddiderant dubiam jam ſera crepuſcula læcem,
 Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem,
 Panificoſque Deos portat, ſcapuliſque virorum
 Evehitur, præeunt ſummiſſo poplite reges,
 Et mendicantum ſeries longiſſima fratrum ;
 Cereaque in manibus geſtant funalia cæci,
 Cimmericiſ nati in tenebris, vitamque trahentes.

Templa dein multis subeunt lucentia tædis
 (Vesper erat sacer iste Petro) fremitusque canentura
 Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, & inane locorum,
 Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,
 Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,
 Dum tremit attonitus vitreis Asopus in undis,
 Et procul ipse cavâ responsat rupe Cithæroni.

His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,
 Nox senis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,
 Præcipitesque impellit equos stimulante flagello,
 Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætēque ferocem,
 Atque Acherontæo progeneratam patre Siopē
 Torpidam, & hirsutis horrentem Phrica capillis.
 Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius hæres
 Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim secretus adulter
 Producit steriles molli sine pellice noctes)
 At vix compositos somnus clauderat ocellos,
 Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque silentium,
 Prædatorque hominum falsâ sub imagine testus
 Astitit, assumptis micuerunt tempora canis,
 Barba sinus promissa tegit, cineracea longo
 Syrmate verrit humum vestis, pendetque cucullus
 Vertice de raso, & ne quicquam desit ad artes,
 Cannabeo lumbos constrinxit fune salaces,

Tarda fenestris figens vestigia calceis.
 Talis, uti fama est, valâ Franciscus eremo
 Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,
 Sylvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis
 Impius, atque lupos domuit, Lybicosque leones.

Subdolan at tali Serpens velatus amictu
 Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces ;
 Dormis nate ? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit artus
 Immemor O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum,
 Dum cathedram venerande tuam, diademaque triplex
 Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata sub axe,
 Dumque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britanni ;
 Surge, age, surge piger, Latius quem Cæsar adorat,
 Cui referata patet convexi janua cæli,
 Turgentes animos, & fastus frange procaces,
 Sacrilegique sciant, tua quid maledictio possit,
 Et quid Apostolicæ possit custodia clavis ;
 Et memor Hesperia disjectam ulciscere classem,
 Mersaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,
 Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probrosa,
 Thermodoontea nuper regnante puella.]
 At tu si tenero mavīs torpescere lecto
 Crescentesque negas hosti contundere vires,
 Tyrrhenum implebit numerofo milite Pontum,
 Signaque

Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle :
 Reliquias veterum franget, flammisque cremabit;
 Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,
 Cujus gaudebant soleis dare basia reges.
 Nec tamen hunc bellis & aperto Marte laceffes;
 Irritus ille labor, tu callidus utere fraude,
 Quælibet hæreticis disponere retia fas est ;
 Jamque ad consilium extremis rex magnus ab oris
 Patricios vocat, & procerum de stirpe creatos,
 Grandævusque patres trabeâ, canisque verendos ;
 Hos tu membratim poteris conspergere in auras,
 Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne
 Ædibus injecto, quâ convenere, sub imis.
 Protinus ipse igitur quoscumque habet Anglia fidôs
 Propositi, factique mone, quisquâ mne tuorum
 Audebit summi non jussa faceffere Papæ.
 Percullosque metu subito, casûque stupentes
 Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel sævus Iberus,
 Sæcula sic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,
 Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos.
 Et nequid timeas, divos divasque secundas
 Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina fastis.
 Dixit & adscitos ponens malefidus amictus
 Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen.

Jam rosea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas
 Vestit inauratas redeunti lumine terras;
 Mæstaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati
 Irrigat ambrosiis montana cacumina guttis;
 Cum somnos pepulit stellatæ janitor aulæ
 Nocturnos visus, & somnia grata revolvens.

Est locus æternâ septus caligine noctis
 Vasta ruinosi quondam fundamina tecti,
 Nunc torvi spelunca Phoni, Prodotaque bilinguis
 Effera quos uno peperit Discordia partu.
 Hic inter cæmenta jacent semifractaque saxa,
 Ossa inhumata virûm, & trajecta cadavera ferro;
 Hic Dolus intortis semper sedet ater ocellis,
 Jurgiaque, & stimulis armata Calumnia fauces,
 Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur,
 Et Timor, exanguisque locum circumvolat Horror,
 Perpetuoque leves per muta silentia Manes
 Exululant, tellus & sanguine conscia stagnat.
 Ipsi etiam pavidī latitant penetralibus antri
 Et Phonos, & Prodotes, nulloque sequente per antrum
 Antrum horrens, scopulosum, atrum feralibus umbris
 Diffugiunt fontes, & retrò lumina vortunt,
 Hos pugiles Romæ per sæcula longa fideles
 Evocat antistes Babylonius, atque ita fatur.

Finibus occiduis circumfusum incolit æquor
 Gens exosa mihi, prudens natura negavit
 Indignam penitùs nostro conjungere mundo;
 Illuc, sic jubeo, celeri contendite gressu,
 Tartareoque leves diffentur pulvere in auras
 Et rex & pariter satrapæ, scelerata propago
 Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ
 Consilii socios adhibete, operisque ministros.
 Finierat, rigidi cupidè paruere gemelli.

Interea longe flectens curvamine cælos
 Despicit æthereâ dominus qui fulgurat arce,
 Vanaque perversæ ridet conamina turbæ;
 Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tueri.

Esse ferunt spatium quâ distat ab Aside terra
 Fertilis Europe, & spectat Mareotidas undas;
 Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famæ
 Ærea, lata, sonans, rutilis vicinior astris
 Quàm superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ossæ
 Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque fenestræ,
 Amplaque per tenues translucent atria muros;
 Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata fufurros;
 Qualiter instrepitant circum mul&tralia bombis
 Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,
 Dum Canis æstivum cœli petit ardua culmen

Ipsa quidem summâ sedet ultrix matris in arce,
 Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminent olli,
 Queis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissima captat
 Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.
 Nec tot Aristoride servator inique juvencæ
 Isidos, immiti volvebas lumina vultu,
 Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia somno,
 Lumina subjectas late spectantia terras.
 Istis illa solet loca luce carentia sæpe
 Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli.
 Millenisque loquax auditaque visaque linguis
 Cuilibet effundit temeraria, verâque mendax
 Nunc minuit, modò confictis sermonibus auget.
 Sed tamen a nostro meruisti carmine laudes
 Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,
 Nobis digna cani, nec te memorasse pigebit
 Carminetam longo, servati scilicet Angli
 Officiis vaga diva tuis, tibi reddimus æqua.
 Te Deus æternos motu qui temperat ignes,
 Fulmine præmissa alloquitur, terrâque tremante :
 Fama fides? an te latet impia Papistarum
 Conjurata cohors in meque meosque Britannos,
 Et nova sceptrigero cades meditata Jäcobo :
 Nec plura, illa statim sensit mandata Tonantis,

Et fatis antè fugax stridentes induit alas,
 Induit & variis exilia corpora plumis ;
 Dextra tubam gestat Temesæo ex ære sonoram,
 Nec mora jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,
 Atque parum est cursu celeres prævertere nubes,
 Jam ventos, jam solis equos post terga reliquit :
 Et primò Angliacas solito de more per urbes
 Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura spargit,
 Mox arguta dolos, & detestabile vulgat
 Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,
 Authoresque addit sceleris, nec garrula cæcis
 Infidiis loca structa filet ; stupuere relatis,
 Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellæ,
 Effatique senes pariter, tantæque ruinæ
 Sensus ad ætatem subitò penetraverat omnem
 Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto
 Æthereus pater, & crudelibus obstitit ausis
 Papicolûm ; capti poenas raptantur ad acres ;
 At pia thura Deo, & grati solvuntur honores ;
 Compita læta focus genialibus omnia fumant,
 Turba choros juvenilis agit : Quintoque Novembris
 Nulla Dies totò occurrit celebratior anno.

Annò ætatis 17. In obitum
Præfulis Eliensis.

A Dhuc madentes rore squalabant genæ,
Et sicca nondum lumina
Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant salis,
Quem nuper effudi pius,
Dum mæsta charo iusta persolvi rogo
Wintoniænsis præfulis,
Cum centilinguis Fama (proh semper mali
Cladisque vera nuntia)
Spargit per urbes divitis Britannix,
Populosque Neptuno fatos,
Cessisse morti, & ferreis sororibus
Te generis humani decus,
Qui rex sacrorum illâ fuisti in insulâ
Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.
Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinus
Ebulliebat fervidâ,
Tumulis potentem sæpe devovens deam :
Nec vota Naso in Ibida
Concepit alto diriora pectore,
Graviusque vates parcius

Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,

Sponsamque Neobolen suam.

At ecce diras ipse dum fundo graves,

Et imprecor neci necem,

Audisse tales videor attonitus sonos

Leni, sub aurâ, flamine :

Cacos furores pone, pone vitream

Bilemque & irritas minas,

Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,

Subitoque ad iras percita.

Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,

Mors atra Noctis filia,

Erebóve patre creta, five Erinnye,

Vastóve nata sub Chao :

Ast illa cælo missa stellato, Dei

Messes ubique colligit;

Animalque mole carneâ reconditas

In lucem & auras evocat :

Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem

Themidos Jovisque filia;

Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus patris;

At iusta raptat impios

Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari,

Sedesque subterraneas

Hanc ut vocantem lætus audiui, citò
 Fœdum reliqui carcerem,
 Volatilesque faustus inter milites
 Ad astra sublimis feror :
 Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum senex
 Auriga currus ignei,
 Non me Boötis terruere lucidi
 Sarraca tarda frigore, aut
 Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia,
 Non ensis Orion tuus.
 Prætervolavi fulgidi solis globum,
 Longéque sub pedibus deam
 Vidi triformem, dum coercebat suos
 Frænis dracones aureis.
 Erraticorum syderum per ordines,
 Per lacteas vehor plagas,
 Velocitatem sæpe miratus novam,
 Donec nitentes ad fores
 Ventum est Olympi, & regiam CrySTALLINAM, &
 Stratum smaragdis Atrium.
 Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effari queat
 Oriundus humano patre
 Amœnitates illius loci, mihi
 Satis est in æternum frui.

Naturam non pati senium.

HEu quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit
 Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa profundis
 Oedipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem !
 Quæ vesana suis metiri facta deorum
 Audet, & incisas leges adamante perenni
 Assimilare suis, nulloque solubile sæclo
 Consilium fati perituris alligat horis.

Ergone marcescet succantibus obsita rugis
 Naturæ facies, & rerum publica mater
 Omniparum contracta uterum sterilescet ab ævo ?
 Et se fassa senem malè certis passibus ibit
 Sidereum tremebunda caput ? num tetra vetustas
 Annorumque æterna fames, squalorque situsque
 Sidera vexabunt ? an & insatiabile Tempus
 Esuriet Cælum, rapietque in viscera patrem ?
 Heu, potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces
 Hoc contra munisse nefas, & Temporis isto
 Exemisse malo, gyrosque dedisse perennes ?
 Ergo erit ut quandoque sono dilapsa tremendo
 Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvius ictu
 Stridat uterque polus, superâque ut Olympius aulâ
 Decidat, horribilisque resectâ Gorgone Pallas.

Qualis

Qualis in Ægæam proles Junonia Lemnon
Deturbata sacro cecidit de limine cæli.

Tu quoque Phœbe tui casus imitabere nati
Præcipiti curru, subitâque ferere ruinâ
Pronus, & extinctâ fumabit lampade Nereus,
Et dabit attonito feralia sibila ponto.

Tunc etiam aërei divulsis sedibus Hæmi
Diffultabit apex, imoque allisa barathro
Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem
In superos quibus usus erat, fraternaue bella.

At Pater omnipotens fundatis fortius astris
Consuluit rerum summæ, certoque peregit
Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine summo
Singula perpetuum jussit servare tenorem,
Volvitur hinc lapsu mundi rota prima diurno;
Raptat, & ambitos sociâ vertigine cælos.
Tardior haud solito Saturnus, & acer ut olim
Fulmineum rutilat cristatâ casside Mavors.
Floridus æternum Phœbus juvenile coruscat,
Nec fovet effœtas loca per declivia terras
Devexo remone Deus; sed semper amicâ
Luce potens eadem currit per signa rotarum,
Surgit odoratis pariter formosus ab Indis
Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo

Mane vocans, & ferus agens in pascua cæli,
 Temporis & gemino dispertit regna colore.
 Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,
 Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis.
 Nec variant elementa fidem, solitôque fragore
 Lurida perculsas jaculantur fulmina rupes.
 Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,
 Stringit & armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos
 Trux Aquilo, spiratque hyemem, nimbosque volutat.
 Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori
 Rex maris, & raucâ circumstrepit æquora conchâ
 Oceani Tubicen, nec vastâ mole minorem
 Ægæona ferunt dorso Balearica cete.
 Sed neque Terra tibi sæcli vigor ille vetusti
 Priscus abest, servatque suum Narcissus odorem,
 Et puer ille suum tenet & puer ille decorem
 Phœbe tuusque & Cypri tuus, nec ditior olim
 Terra datum sceleri celavit montibus aurum
 Conscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in ævum
 Ibit cunctarum series justissima rerum,
 Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, latè
 Circumplexa polos, & vasti culmina cæli;
 Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

*De Idea Platonica quemadmodum
Aristoteles intellexit.*

Dicite sacrorum præfides, nemorum dex,
 Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis
 Memoria mater, quæque in immenso procul
 Antro recumbis otiosa Æternitas,
 Monumenta servans, & ratas leges Jovis,
 Cælique fastos atque ephemeridas Deum,
 Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine
 Natura sollers finxit humanum genus,
 Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
 Unusque & universus, exemplar Dei ?
 Haud ille Palladis gemellus innub æ
 Interna proles infidet menti Jovis ;
 Sed quamlibet natura sit communior,
 Tamen seorsus extat ad morem unius,
 Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci ;
 Seu sempiternus ille syderum comes
 Cæli pererrat ordines decemplicis,
 Citimùmve terris incolit Lunæ globum :
 Sive inter animas corpus adituras fedens
 Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas :.

Sive in remotâ forte terrarum plagâ
 Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,
 Et diis tremendas erigit celsum caput
 Atlante major portitore syderum.
 Non cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit
 Diræus augur vidit hunc alto sinu ;
 Non hunc silenti nocte Pleïones nepos
 Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro ;
 Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, licet
 Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini,
 Priscumque Belon, inclytumque Osiridem.
 Non ille trino gloriosus nomine
 Ter magnus Hermes (ut sit arcani sciens)
 Talem reliquit Ifidis cultoribus.
 At tu perenne ruris Academi decus
 (Hæc monstra si tu primus induxti scholis)
 Jam jam pœtas urbis exules tuæ
 Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus,
 Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

Ad Patrem.

Nunc mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes
 Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora

Volvere

Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum;
 Ut tenues oblita sonos audacibus alis
 Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis.
 Hoc utcumque tibi gratum pater optime carmen
 Exiguum meditatur opus, nec novimus ipsi
 Aptius à nobis quæ possint munera donis
 Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint
 Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis
 Esse queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.
 Sed tamen hæc nostros ostendit pagina census,
 Et quod habemus opum chartâ numeravimus istâ
 Quæ mihi sunt nullæ, nisi quas dedit aurea Clio
 Quas mihi semoto somni peperere sub antro,
 Et nemoris laureta sacri Parnassides umbræ.

Nec tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen;
 Quo nihil æthereos ortus, & semina cæli,
 Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,
 Sancta Promethææ retinens vestigia flammæ.
 Carmen amant superi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen
 Ima ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos,
 Et triplici duros Manes adamante coercet.
 Carmine sepositi retegunt arcana futuri
 Phœbades, & tremulæ pallentes ora Sibyllæ;
 Carmina sacrificus sollennes pangit ad aras

Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum ;
 Seu cùm fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris
 Consulit, & tepidis Parcam scrutatur in extis.
 Nos etiam patrium tunc cum repetemus Olympum,
 Æternæque moræ stabunt immobilis ævi,
 Ibimus auratis per cæli templa coronis,
 Dulcia suaviloquo sociantes carmina plectro,
 Astra quibus, geminique poli convexa sonabunt.
 Spiritus & rapidos qui circinat igneus orbes.
 Nunc quoque sydereis intercinat ipse choreis
 Immortale melos, & inenarrabile carmen ;
 Torrida dum rutilus compescit sibila serpens,
 Demissoque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion ;
 Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas.
 Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,
 Cum nondum luxus, vastæque immensa vorago
 Nota gulæ, & modico spumabat cœna Lyæo.
 Tum de more sedens festa ad convivia vates
 Æsculeâ intonsos redimitus ab arbore crines,
 Heroumque actus, imitandaque gesta canebat,
 Et chaos, & positi latè fundamina mundi,
 Reptantesque Deos, & alentes numina glandes,
 Et nondum Ætnæo quæsitum fulmen ab antro.
 Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit,

Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquacis ?
 Silvestres decet iste choros, non Orphea cantus,
 Qui tenuit fluvios & quercubus addidit aures
 Carmine, non citharâ, simulachraque functa canendo
 Compulit in lacrymas ; habet has à carmine laudes.

Nec tu perge precor sacras contemnere Musas,
 Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus
 Munere, mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos,
 Millibus & vocem modulis variare canoram
 Doctus, Arionii meritò sis nominis hæres.
 Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genuisse poëtam
 Contigerit, charo si tam propè sanguine juncti
 Cognatas artes, studiumque affine sequamur :
 Ipse volens Phoebus se dispertire duobus,
 Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti,
 Dividuumque Deum genitorque puerque tenemus.

Tu tamen ut simules teneras odisse camœnas,
 Non odisse reor, neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
 Quà via lata patet, quà pronior area lucri,
 Certa que condendi fulget spes aurea nummi :
 Nec rapis ad leges, malè custodita que gentis
 Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures.
 Sed magis excultam cupiens ditescere mentem,
 Me procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis

Abductum Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripas
 Phœbæo lateri comitem finis ire beatum.
 Officium chari taceo commune parentis,
 Me poscunt majora, tuo pater optime sumptu
 Cùm mihi Romulæ patuit facundia linguæ,
 Et Latii veneres, & quæ Jovis ora decebant
 Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,
 Addere suasisi quos jactat Gallia flores,
 Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam
 Fundit, Barbaricos testatus voce tumultus,
 Quæque Palæstinus loquitur mysteria vate:
 Denique quicquid habet cælum, subjeclaque coelo
 Terra parens, terræque & coelo intersuius æer,
 Quicquid & unda tegit, pontique agitable marmor,
 Per te nosse licet, per te, si nosse libebit.
 Dimotâque venit spectanda scientia nube,
 Nudaque conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,
 Ni fugisse velim, ni sit libâsse molestum.

I nunc, confer opes quisquis malesanus avitas
 Austriaci gazas, Perûanaque regna præoptas.
 Quæ potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse
 Jupiter, excepto, donâset ut omnia, coelo?
 Non potiora dedit, quamvis & tuta fuissent,
 Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato

Atque Hyperionios currus, & fræna dici,
 Et circum undantem radiatâ luce tiaram.
 Ergo ego jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ
 Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebo,
 Jamque nec obscurus populo miscebor inertî,
 Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.
 Este procul vigiles curæ, procul este querelæ,
 Invidiæque acies transverso tortilis hirqo,
 Sæva nec anguiferos extende Calumnia rictus;
 In me triste nihil sædissima turba potestis,
 Nec vestri sum juris ego; securaque tutus
 Pectora, vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu.

At tibi, chare pater, postquam non æqua merenti
 Posse referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,
 Sit memorâsse satis, repetitaque munera grato
 Percensere animo, fidæque reponere menti.

Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusus,
 Si modo perpetuos sperare audebitis annos,
 Et domini superesse rogo, lucemque tueri,
 Nec spisso rapient oblivia nigra sub Orco,
 Forsitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis
 Nomen, ad exemplum, sero servabitis ævo.

Psalm 114.

ΙΣραήλ ὅτε παῖδες, ὅτ' ἀγλαὰ φῶλ' Ἰακώβ
 Αἰγύπτῳ λίπε δῆμον, ἀπὸ χθῆς, βαρβαρόφωνος
 Δὴ τότε μένον ἦν ὅσον γενθ' ἱες Ἰαδα.
 Εἰ δὲ θεὸς λαοῖσι μέγα κρείων βασίλευεν.
 Ἔϊδε καὶ ἐν τρυφᾷ φύγαδ' ἐρρώησε θάλασσα
 Κύματι ἐλυμένη ῥοθίῳ, ὅς' ἄρ' ἐσυφελίχθη
 Ἰεὺς Ἰορδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγὴν.
 Ἐκ δ' ὄρεα σκαρθυῶσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέοντο
 Ὡς κριδοὶ σφριγῶντες ἐϋτραφεῶ ἐν ἀλωΐ.
 Βαιοτέραι δ' αἶμα πάσαι ἀνασκήρτηται ἐρίπναι
 Οἷα παρὰ σύειγμα φίλη ὑπὸ μητέραι ἄρνες.
 Τίπτε σὺ γ' αἰνὰ θάλασσα πέλωρ φύγαδ' ἐρρώησας;
 Κύματι ἐλυμένη ῥοθίῳ; τί δ' ἄρ' ἐσυφελίχθης
 Ἰεὺς Ἰορδάνη ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγὴν;
 Τίπτε ὄρεα σκαρθυῶσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέσθαι
 Ὡς κριδοὶ σφριγῶντες ἐϋτραφεῶ ἐν ἀλωΐ;
 Βαιοτέραι τί δ' ἄρ' ὑμῖν ἀνασκήρτηται ἐρίπναι
 Οἷα παρὰ σύειγμα φίλη ὑπὸ μητέραι ἄρνες
 Σείσο γαῖα τρέετα θεὸν μεγάλ' ἐκτυπέοντα
 Γαῖα θεὸν τρέεσ' ὑπατὴν σέβας Ἰσρακὶδαο
 Οἷο τε καὶ ἐκ σπλαγχνῶν ποταμὸς χεῖ μορμύροντας
 Κρήνηντ' ἀεγασὶν πίττης ἀπὸ σακρυόσεως.

*Philosophus ad regem quendam qui
cum ignotum & insontem inter reos forte cap-
tum inscius damnauerat, τὴν ἐπὶ θανάτῳ
πορεύμενον & hæc subito misit.*

Ω ἄνα εἰ ὀλέσῃς με τὴν ἔννομον, ἐστὶ τιν' ἀνδρῶν
Δεινὸν ὁλῶς δράσαντα, σφώταπν ἴδι κέρηνον
Ρηϊδιῶς ἐρέλοιο, τὴ δ' ὕπερβν αὐτὶ νοήσεις,
Μαχ. αὐτως δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα χροῖ'ω μάλα πολλὸν ὁδὸν
Τοῖόν δ' ἐκ πόλεως περιώνυμον ἀλκὰρ ὀλέσσεις.

*Ad Salsillum poetam Romanum
egrotantem.*

SCAZONTES.

O Musa gressum quæ volens trahis claudum,
Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incessu,
Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum,
Quàm cùm decentes flava Dæiope furas
Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum.
Adesdum & hæc s'is verba pauca Salsillo
Refer, camœna nostra cui tantum est cordi,
Quamque ille magnis prætulit immeritò divis,
Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto,
Diebus hisce qui suum linquens nidum
Polique tractum, (pessimus ubi ventorum,
Infanientis impotensque pulmonis

Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet flabra)
 Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas,
 Visum superbâ cognitas urbes famâ
 Virosque doctæque indolem juventutis,
 Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa Salsille,
 Habitumque fesso corpori penitùs sanum;
 Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,
 Præcordiisque fixa damnosum spirat.
 Nec id pepercit impia quòd tu Romano
 Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.
 O dulce divum munus, O salus Hebes
 Germana! Tuque Phœbe morborum terror
 Pythone cæso, sive tu magis Pæan
 Libenter audis, hic tuus sacerdos est.
 Querceta Fauni, vosque rore vinoso
 Colles benigni, mitis Euandri sedes,
 Siquid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,
 Levamen ægro ferte certatim vati.
 Sic ille charis redditus rursùm Musis
 Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.
 Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos
 Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,
 Suam reclivis semper Ægeriam spectans.
 Tumidusque & ipse Tiberis hinc delinitus
 Spei favebit annuæ colonorum :

Nec in sepulchris ibit obseſſum reges
 Nimiùm ſiniſtro laxus irruens loro :
 Sed fræna melius temperabit undarum,
 Aduſque curvi ſalfa regna Portumni.

Mansus.

Joannes Baptiſta Manſus Marchio Villenſis vir ingenii laude, tum literarum ſtudio, nec non & bellicâ virtute apud Italos clarus in primis eſt. Ad quem Torquati Taſſi dialogus extat de Amicitia ſcriptus ; erat enim Taſſi amiciffimus ; ab quo etiam inter Campania principes celebratur, in illo poemate cui titulus Geruſalemme conquiſtata, lib. 20.

Fra cavalier magnanimi, è cortefi
 Riſplende il Manio —

Is authorem Neapoli commorantem ſummâ benevolentia profecutus eſt, multaque ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hoſpes ille antequam ab eâ urbe diſcederet, ut ne ingratum ſe oſtenderet, hoc carmen miſit.

HÆc quoque Manſe tuæ meditantur carmina laudi
 Pierides, tibi Manſe choro notiffime Phœbi,
 Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo eſt dignatus honore,
 Poſt Galli cineres, & Mecænatis Hetrufci.
 Tu quoque ſi noſtræ tantùm valet aura Camœnæ,
 Victrices hederas inter, lauroſque fedebis.

Te pridem magno felix concordia Tasso |
 Junxit, & æternis inscripsit nomina chartis.
 Mox tibi dulciloquum non inscia Musa Marinum
 Tradidit, ille tuum dici se gaudet alumnum,
 Dum canit Assyrios divûm prolixus amores ;
 Mollis & Ausonias stupefecit carmine nymphas.
 Ille itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates
 Ossa tibi soli, supremaque vota reliquit.
 Nec manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici,
 Vidimus arridentem operoso ex ære poetam.
 Nec fatis hoc visum est in utrumque, & nec pia cessant
 Officia in tumulo, cupis integros rapere Orco,
 Quà pates, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges :
 Amborum genus, & variâ sub sorte peractam
 Describis vitam, moresque, & dona Minervæ ;
 Æmulus illius Mycalen qui natus ad altam
 Rettulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri.
 Ergo ego te Cliûs & magni nomine Phœbi
 Manse pater, jubeo longum salvere per ævum
 Missus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe,
 Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabere Mulam,
 Quæ nuper gelidâ vix enutrita sub Arcto
 Imprudens Italas ausa est volitare per urbes.
 Nos etiam in nostro modulantes flumine cygnos

Credimus obscuras noctis sensisse per umbras,
 Quà Thamefis latè puris argenteus urnis
 Oceani glaucos perfundit gurgite crines.
 Quin & in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.
 Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phœbo,
 Quà plaga septeno mundi sulcata Trione
 Brumalem patitur longâ sub nocte Boöten.
 Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo
 Flaventes spicas, & lutea mala canistris,
 Halantemque crocum (perhibet nisi vana vetustas)
 Misimus, & lectas Druidum de gente choreas.
 (Gens Druides antiqua sacris operata deorum
 Heroum laudes imitandaque gesta canebant)
 Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu
 Delo in herbosâ Graiæ de more puellæ
 Carminibus latis memorant Corinëida Loxo,
 Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicomâ Hecæerge
 Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fucō.
 Fortunate senex, ergo quacunque per orbem
 Torquati decus, & nomen celebrabitur ingens,
 Claraque perpetui succrescet fama Marini,
 Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plausumque virorum,
 Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.
 Dicetur tum sponte tuos habitasse penates

Cynthius, & famulas venisse ad limina Musas :

At non sponte domum tamen idem, & regis adivit

Rura Pheretiadae cælo fugitivus Apollo ;

Ille licet magnum Alciden susceperat hospes ;

Tantum ubi clamoros placuit vitare bubulcos,

Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum,

Irriguos inter saltus frondosaeque tecta

Pencium prope rivum : ibi saepe sub ilice nigrâ

Ad citharae strepitum blandâ prece victus amici

Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.

Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nec fixa sub imo,

Saxa stetero loco, nutat Trachinia rupes,

Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, silvas,

Emotæque suis properant de collibus orni,

Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynces.

Diis dilectæ senex, te Jupiter æquus oportet

Nascentem, & miti lustrarit lumine Phœbus,

Atlantisque nepos ; neque enim nisi charus ab ortu

Diis superis poterit magno favisse poetæ.

Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senectus

Vernat, & Æsonio lucratur vivida fusos,

Nondum deciduos servans tibi frontis honores,

Ingeniumque vicens, & adultum mentis acumen.

O mihi si mea fors talem concedat amicum

Phœbeos decorasse viros qui tam bene norit,
 Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
 Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem ;
 Aut dicam invictæ sociali foedere mensæ,
 Magnanimos Heroas, & (O modo spiritus ad sit)
 Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges.
 Tandem ubi non tacitæ permenſus tempora vitæ,
 Annorumque ſatur cineri ſua jura relinquam,
 Ille mihi lecto madidis aſtaret ocellis,
 Aſtanti ſat erit ſi dicam ſim tibi curæ;
 Ille meos artus liventi morte ſolutos
 Curaret parvâ componi molliter urnâ.
 Forſitan & noſtros ducat de marmore vultus,
 Neſtens aut Paphiâ myrti aut Parnafſide lauri
 Fronde comas, at ego ſecurâ pace quieſcam.
 Tum quoque, ſi qua fides, ſi præmia certa bonorum,
 Ipſe ego cælicolûm ſemotus in æthera divûm,
 Quò labor & mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus
 Secreti hæc aliquâ mundi de parte videbo
 (Quantum fata ſinunt) & totâ mente ſerenûm
 Ridens purpureo ſuffundar lumine vultus
 Et ſimul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo.

Epitaphium



EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

ARGUMENTUM.

THyrsis & Damon ejusdem viciniae Pastores, eadem studia sequuti a pueritiâ amici erant, ut qui plurimum. Thyrsis animi causâ profectus peregrinè de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Domum postea reversus, & rem ita esse comperto, se, suamque solitudinem hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem sub personâ hîc intelligitur Carolus Deodatus ex urbe Hetruriæ Luca paterno genere oriundus, cætera Anglus; ingenio, doctrina, clarissimisque cæteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.

Epitaphium



EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

Himerides nymphæ (nam vos & Daphnin & Hy-
Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis) (lan,
Dicite Sicelicum Thamesina per oppida carmen:
Quas miser effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrsis,
Et quibus assiduis exercuit antra querelis,
Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus,
Dum sibi præreptum queritur Damona, neque altam
Luctibus exemit noctem loca sola pererrans.
Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus arista,
Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes,
Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,
Nec dum aderat Thyrsis; pastorem scilicet illum
Dulcis amor Musæ Thusca retinebat in urbe.
Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relictæ
Curæ vocat, simul assuetâ seditque sub ulmo,
Tum vero amissum tum denique sentit amicum,

Cœpit & immensum sic exonerare dolorem.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Hei mihi ! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cœlo,
 Postquam te immiti rapuerunt funere Damon ;
 Siccine nos linquis, tua sic sine nomine virtus
 Ibit, & obscuris numero sociabitur umbris ?
 At non ille, animas virgâ qui dividit aureâ,
 Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,
 Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Quicquid erit, certè nisi me lupo antè videbit,
 Indeplorato non comminuere sepulcro,
 Constatbitque tuus tibi honos, longumque vigebit
 Inter pastores : Illi tibi vota secundo .
 Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes
 Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit :
 Si quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, piùmque,
 Palladiâsque artes, sociùmque habuisse canorum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia Damon,
 At mihi quid tandem fiet modò ? quis mihi fidus
 Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas
 Frigoribus duris, & per loca foeta pruinis,
 Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis ?

Sive opus in magnos fuit eminùs ire leones
 Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis ;
 Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque solebit ?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Pectora cui credam ? quis me lenire docebit
 Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem
 Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cùm sibilat igni
 Molle pyrum, & nucibus strepitat focus, at malus auster
 Miscet cuncta foris, & desuper intonat ulmo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Aut æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,
 Cum Pan æsculeâ somnum capit abditus umbrâ,
 Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphæ.
 Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus,
 Quis mihi blanditiâsque tuas, quis tum mihi risus,
 Cecropiosque sales referet, cultosque lepores ?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,
 Sicubi ramosæ densantur vallibus umbræ,
 Hic serum expecto, supra caput imber & Euris
 Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula silvæ.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Heu quàm culta mihi priùs arva procacibus herbis
 Involvuntur, & ipsa situ seges alta fatiscit !

Innuba neglecto marcescit & uva racemo,
 Nec myrteta juvant; ovium quoque tædet, at ille
 Moerent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alphefibœus ad ornos,
 Ad salices Aegon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas,
 Hic gelidi fontes, hinc illita gramina musco,
 Hinc Zephyri, hinc placidas interstrepit arbutus undas;
 Ista canunt furdo, frutices ego nactus abibam.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Mopsus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notarat
 (Et callebat avium linguas, & sydera Mopsus)
 Thyrsi quid hoc? dixit, quæ te coquit improba bilis?
 Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè fascinat astrum,
 Saturni grave sæpe fuit pastoribus astrum,
 Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Mirantur nymphae, & quid te Thyrsi futurum est?
 Quid tibi vis? ajunt, non hæc solet esse juvenæ
 Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultusque severi,
 Illa choros, lususque leves, & semper amorem
 Jure petit, bis ille miser qui serus amavit.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Venit Hyas, Dryopéque, & filia Baucidis Aegle

Docta modos, citharæque sciens, sed perdita fastu,
 Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluenti ;
 Nil me blanditiæ, nil me solantia verba,
 Nil me, si quid adest, movet, aut spes ulla futuri.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Hei mihi quam similes ludunt per prata juvenci,
 Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales,
 Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum
 De grege, sic densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,
 Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri;
 Lex eadem pelagi, deserto in littore Proteus
 Agmina Phocarum numerat, vilisque volucrum
 Passer habet semper quicum sit, & omnia circum
 Farra libens volitet, serò sua tecta revisens,
 Quem si fors letho objecit, seu milvus adunco
 Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fossor,
 Protinus ille alium socio petit inde volatu.
 Nos durum genus, & diris exercita fatis
 Gens homines aliena animis, & pectore discors,
 Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum,
 Aut si fors dederit tandem non aspera votis,
 Illum inopina dies quâ non speraveris horâ
 Surripit, æternum linquens in sæcula damnum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in ora;
 Ire per aëreas rupes, Alpemque nivosa!
 Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam?
 Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viseret olim,
 Tityrus ipse suas & oves & rura reliquit;
 Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale,
 Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
 Tot sylvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes.
 Ah certè extremum licuisset tangere dextram,
 Et bene compositos placidè morientis ocellos,
 Et dixisse vale, nostri memor ibis ad astra.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Quamquam etiam vestri nunquam meminisse pigebit
 Pastores Thusci, Musis operata juvenus,
 Hic Charis, atque Lepos; & Thuscus tu quoque Damon,
 Antiqua genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.
 O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni
 Murmura, populeumque nemus, quàm mollior herba,
 Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,
 Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam.
 Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum, nec puto multum
 Displicui, nam sunt & apud me munera vestra
 Fiscellæ, calathique & cerea vincla cicuta,
 Quin & nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos

Et Datis, & Francinus, erant & vocibus ambo
Et studiis noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roscida luna,
Dum solus teneros claudebam cratibus hoedos.
Ah quoties dixi, cùm te cinis ater habebat,
Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,
Vimina nunc texit, varios sibi quod sit in usus ;
Et quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura
Arripui voto levis, & præsentia finxi,
Heus bone numquid agis ? nisi te quid forte retardat,
Imus ? & argutâ paulùm recubamus in umbra,
Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni ?
Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, succos,
Helleborùmque, humilésque crocos, foliùmque hyacinthi,
Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque medentùm,
Ah pereant herbæ, pereant artesque medentùm
Gramina, postquam ipsi nil profecere magistro.
Ipse etiam, nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat
Fistula, ab undecimâ jam lux est altera nocte,
Et tum forte novis admôram labra cicutis,
Diffilueretamen rupta compage, nec ultra
Ferre graves potuere sonos, dubito quoque ne sim
Turgidulus, tamen & referam, vos cedite silvæ.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora puppes
 Dicam, & Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,
 Brennûmque Arviragûmque duces, priscûmque Belinum,
 Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos;
 Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Jögernen
 Mendaces vultus, assumptâque Gorlôis arma,
 Merlini dolus. O mihi tum si vita superfit,
 Tu procul annosa pendebis fistula pinu
 Multûm oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata camœnis
 Brittonicum strides, quid enim? omnia non licet uni
 Non sperasse uni licet omnia, mihi satis ampla
 Merces, & mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in ævum
 Tum licet, externo penitûsque inglorius orbi)
 Si me flava comas legat Ufa, & potor Alauni,
 Vorticibûsque frequens Abra, & nemus omne Treantæ,
 Et Thamesis meus ante omnes, & fusca metallis
 Tamara, & extremis me discant Orcades undis.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Hæc tibi servabam lentâ sub cortice lauri,
 Hæc, & plura simul, tum quæ mihi pocula Mansus,
 Mansus Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ
 Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus & ipse,
 Et circum gemino cælaverat argumento :

In medio rubri maris unda, & odoriferum ver
 Littora longa Arabum, & sudantes balsama silvæ,
 Has inter Phoenix divina avis, unica terris
 Cæruleum fulgens diversicoloribus alis
 Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis.
 Parte alia polus omnipotens, & magnus Olympus,
 Quis putet? hic quoque Amor, pistæque in nube pharetræ,
 Arma corusca faces, & spicula tincta pyropo;
 Nec tenues animas, pectusque ignobile vulgi
 Hinc ferit, at circum flammantia lumina torquens
 Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbem
 Impiger, & pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus,
 Hinc mentes ardere sacræ, formæque decorum.

Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit spes lubrica Damon,
 Tu quoque in his certè es, nam quò tua dulcis abiret
 Sanctæque simplicitas, nam quò tua candida virtus?
 Nec te Lethæo fas quæsisse sub orco,
 Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultra,
 Ite procul lacrymæ, purum colit æthera Damon,
 Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum;
 Heroûmque animas inter, divosque perennes,
 Æthereos haurit latices & gaudia potat
 Ore Sacro. Quin tu cœli post jura recepta
 Dexter ades, placidusque fave quicunque vocaris,

Seu tu noster eris Damon, sive æquior audis
 Diodotus, quo te divino nomine cuncti
 Coelicolæ norint, sylvisque vocabere Damon.
 Quòd tibi purpureus pudor, & sine labe juvenus
 Grata fuit, quòd nulla tori libata voluptas,
 En etiam tibi virginei servantur honores ;
 Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona,
 Letaque frondentis gestans umbracula palmæ
 Æternùm perages immortales hymenæos ;
 Cantus ubi, choreisque furit lyra mista beatis,
 Festa Sionæo bacchantur & Orgia Thyrsò.

FINIS.

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